

John Dicks 373 Strand

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.



THE CONTINENTAL WAR.—THE KING OF ITALY AND STAFF. (See page 56.)

## Notes of the Week.

ON Saturday afternoon Thomas Offer, a young man, 18 years of age, was killed by a flash of lightning on the pigeon shooting grounds at Shepherd's-bush. About half-past two o'clock, during a temporary lull in the thunderstorm then raging in that neighbourhood, Offer, with his father and brother, was engaged on the open ground where the shooting takes place, in adjusting the trap-strings for the Gun Club Sweepstakes, which was to have been shot off that day. Offer and a black dog were standing between the other two men, nearly thirty yards away from the traps, when a flash of lightning of unusual vividness struck them all to the earth. After moment of unconsciousness, the old man rose, only to see his two sons apparently dead on the grass. Alfred, however, though insensible, was not much hurt. Thomas was frightfully disfigured, and quite dead. The flash had struck him on the right side of the head, burning off the hair and deeply wounding the cheek. His chest was also struck by the electric fluid, the skin and flesh being deeply and horribly torn. Then darting along his left leg, the lightning ripped up his clothes, and struck the top of his foot, inflicting a wound deep and sharp, as if it had been done by a spike. The sole of his boot was forced from the upper leather, and the fragments scattered about. The young man's face was for the moment of a plum colour; his body was much disfigured. Although there was no hope of restoring him, a body was placed in a cab to be taken to an hospital; but a medical man who had been sent for, meeting the vehicle on the way, saw the patient, and pronounced life to be extinct. The body was then taken back to the Pavilion Inn. John Offer, the poor old father, was very deeply distressed at this fearfully sudden bereavement. Alfred, his other son, was taken home after restoratives had been administered to him with good effect. The black dog standing near the men when the flash came was struck down with them, and killed on the spot. Very much sympathy was felt for Offer by the gentlemen who were about to shoot, who, of course, did not proceed with the sweepstakes after this fatal occurrence.

ON Saturday night, about half-past ten o'clock, a man respectably attired, but whose name and address were unknown, was found lying on a doorstep in Soho-square. A constable took him in a cab to the Middlesex Hospital, when the surgeon pronounced life to be extinct. On the body was found a watch, maker's name, "Rotherham and Son," three receipts, one on the London Joint-Stock Bank for 35*l*, one on the London and South African Bank for 300*l*, and one on Barber Brothers for 1,492*l*, also some interest warrants and bonds of the New York Central Railway to a considerable amount, and several letters addressed, "John Frederick Grieves."

ON Saturday a boy, eight years of age, the son of Mr. Isill, Willesden, died in St. Mary's Hospital from hydrocephalus. It appears that he was bitten by a dog in May last. Since then every effort has been made to stay the progress of this terrible disease, but without effect.

An inquest was held at Liverpool, on Saturday, on the body of James Gilchrist, man employed by a Liverpool stevedore, who had declined to join the strike, and who died at the Northern Hospital under singular circumstances. He carried a pistol with him for protection, and on meeting some men who had struck put his hand in his pocket and cocked it. Forgetting to put down the trigger, he some time afterwards put his hand in his pocket, the pistol went off, and he received a fatal wound in the leg and ankle. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

## General News.

A GENERAL election costs, it is estimated, two millions sterling.

A JOURNEY to Scotland costs her Majesty 1,000*l*, and the return to England costs the same amount.

A LADY named Desessarts, at St. Amand, France, has just lost her life by crinoline in a singular manner. In going up-stairs her foot became entangled in the hoops of that garment, and she fell back on her head with such force that the teeth of her comb were driven into her skull. She expired shortly after.

ONE Giuseppe Basin, a baker of Forli, has at this moment nine sons serving in the Italian army.

A REFORMED CONVICT.—Some years ago a man residing in St Thomas's, Oxford, and known as "Mickey" was tried and convicted under the name of John Morgan, for pocket-picking. Mr. Mallam being the solicitor for the prosecution. Upon the termination of his sentence, Morgan transferred the scene of his labours to Bedfordshire, and at the Quarter Sessions for that county held in January, 1863, under the name of John Wright, he was convicted of larceny from the person, and sentenced to penal servitude for four years. In consequence of his good conduct under discipline he was liberated from Portland with a ticket-of-leave, seven months of his sentence remaining unexpired. He was booked for Wolverhampton, at which town it would have been his duty to report himself to the superintendent of police, in order that the money to which he was entitled from the Home-office might be transmitted to him. He arrived at the Oxford Station of the Great Western Railway by the four o'clock down train from Didcot, where he had to alight for change of train to convey him to his destination. In an evil moment he thrust his hand into the pocket of Mrs. Lydia Mallam (mother of the solicitor), who was standing upon the platform. She immediately seized his hand before he could release himself. He struggled violently, and most ferociously assaulted the railway-guard and the policeman who secured him, seriously injuring one of them on the knee-joint, and it was not without considerable difficulty that the city police at length overpowered him, and under remand lodged him in the city gaol. At the city court, before the mayor and the magistrates, he was brought up in custody, when Mr. G. Mallam prosecuted, and the prisoner, against whom the charge was fully proved, was committed for trial.

BESIDE ALL COMPETITION!!—T. R. WILLIS. Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateur supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London. [Advertisement]

PAINTED TEETH, OR DISEASED STOMACH, EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.—No Chloroform, and perfectly safe—Mr. DAY (many years with Mr. Eskell, Dental Surgeon, of 8, Grosvenor-street, W.), guarantees perfect freedom from pain in  $\frac{1}{2}$  or any other Dental operation. Exquisitely Enamelled Artificial Teeth at  $\frac{1}{2}$  each, and the best  $\frac{1}{2}$  each, unsurpassed for comfort, appearance, and durability. Made and fitted in a few hours when required. Consultations free—291, REGENT-SREET (three doors from the Polytechnic).—[Advertisement]

PIANOS, from 10*l*. the Month, for HIRE, by Etard, Collard, Broadwood, &c. Several Cottages for Sale, at £12. Useful pianofortes, from £3. Instruments taken. Harmoniums, Harps, &c. Trade supplied.—At 89, High Holborn (side door).—[Advertisement]

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The French parliamentary session is at an end. M. Walewski has spoken his farewell speech, and the deputies are dismissed to their homes. M. Walewski's address was very complimentary to the deputies, and was naturally much applauded. He thanked them for the indulgence they had shown him personally in the performance of the "important and delicate mission" which had been entrusted to him. They had proved to the country how conscientiously its interests were attended to in that house by their profound discussions on agriculture, on the merchant navy, on the financial system, on literary productions and works of art, "independently of the great political discussions that characterised the session, and which would be signalized in the parliamentary annals of France by the elevation, the eloquence, and the knowledge with which these grave questions were treated." They were now about to separate, and they would express in the departments their confidence in the wisdom which directed the destinies of France. He hoped to see them next year in perfect conformity of sentiments and intentions. He ended with a graceful compliment to the Sovereign, to whom they would be ready to give fresh marks of devotedness. The allusion to his Majesty was hailed with applause and cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*

## PRUSSIA.

DEPARTURE OF THE KING FOR THE ARMY.

A Berlin letter of Sunday has the following:—"Encouraged by the advantages gained, and desirous of animating the troops to fresh exertions by his presence, the King this morning left for Bohemia. With him went General Moltke, the commander-in-chief, who, like a chess-player with his back to the board, has so long superintended the general conduct of operations without leaving his study in Berlin; Count Bismarck, the hero of the campaign, and a large number of generals, diplomats, and councillors of State, and among them the military attaches of the various foreign embassies. Before leaving, the King had the satisfaction of being, after many years of estrangement, heartily cheered by his Berliners. The Bohemian successes had no sooner been announced in placards, publicly posted up, than a crowd assembled 'Unter der Linden,' and with flags, and amid the singing of ancient battle songs, began to parade the streets. In triumphant array they approached the palace. Thundering hurrahs informed the King that his people were paying him a visit. His Majesty opened the window of his room, but twelve feet above the pavement, and in a few cordial words thanked them for their patriotic sympathy with the achievements of the army. Count Bismarck, on leaving the palace, also became the object of a regular ovation, and Herr von Roon, the Minister of War, had people shouting and hurrahing in front of his hotel all day long. In the evening many thousands congregated in front of the palace with banners, bands of music, and other demonstrations of joy. A deputation, hastily formed, took the liberty of demanding an immediate audience, and were most graciously received by the King. To convey his reply direct to the people, the King stepped on to the balcony, thanked them again, and begged them to stand by him to the end, as they were only in the beginning of the campaign. To the most sceptical observer it must have been obvious that the military instincts of old Brandenburg had been roused, and that the people, glad to forget the parliamentary quarrel on the details of their military institutions, were happy to be able to feel proud of the army, and regard it as the corner-stone of the State, as in the days of Frederick II and old Blucher. I know not whether this military enthusiasm will be permanent enough to dispose the people to assume a more conciliatory attitude in the constitutional difference when the war is over; but thus much is certain, that those who were in the right who predicted victory in the field, not in the parliament, would be the aim and purpose of the Prussian yearnings while the war lasted."

## MARSHAL BENEDEK.

THE correspondent of the *Tempo*, at Heidelberg, who knows Germany well, gives a graphic sketch of Marshal Benedek, to which present circumstances impart peculiar interest:—

"Marshal Benedek, to whom the command of the northern army is entrusted, is a Hungarian, a Protestant, and a plebeian; three peculiarities which, in Austria, are not held conducive to rapid advancement. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out he was in Italy, and won credit by the coolness and presence of mind which he displayed during the retreat of the Austrians from Milan. In the same campaign it was he who led the storming parties against the lines of Carlatone, which were protected by a double battery of guns of position, and carried them after two unsuccessful assaults. For this feat Radetzky mentioned him by name in his order of the day. In the succeeding year when the Italians renewed their desperate struggle Benedek forced his way into Mortara at the head of his regiment (infantry), drove out the Italians, and captured a whole brigade. At Novara his exertions powerfully contributed to the defeat of the Italians. Subsequently he fought in Hungary under Haynau, and distinguished himself at Raab, Komour, and other places, but those laurels are not enviable ones. He was afterwards employed in Lombardy on Radetzky's staff, and had some share in keeping alive the hatred of the Austrian name in that province. From thence he was transferred to Cracow as military governor, and in 1859 returned to Italy, where, however, he was assigned a post unworthy of his talents. It was in spite of his efforts that the Austrians retreated [both at Magenta and Solferino], and it is even said he tendered his resignation when ordered to move his division to the rear; but as a *ficte de consolation* he was made full general of Infantry, and at the death of Marshal Hess received his appointment. For a brief period he replaced Archduke Albrecht as governor-general of Hungary, and was then made commander in chief of the army of Italy, which post he retained until transferred to that (more arduous) of commander in chief of the army of the north. It is only right to say that he was named to that post by acclamation, and was forced upon the Government by public opinion. Marshal Benedek is the most popular man in Austria, and that popularity he has won less by his military talents than by his reckless gallantry. The marshal is sixty-two years old, but looks younger. I saw him not long ago at a sitting of the Reichsrath, and examined him leisurely through my opera-glass. His face is one of those not easily forgotten. The two most striking features are the eyes and the moustache; his moustache is attended to with scrupulous care, and turned up at the corners. Hungarian fashion: his face deeply tanned by exposure to the air, is enclosed within thin, grey whiskers; and his nose, an eagle beak, gives a character of much decision to his face. For those who are not partial to a military bearing, it cannot be said his appearance is prepossessing."

## EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

SEVERAL years ago Inspector Leonard, then a captain of police received a telegraphic despatch from the police authorities of Providence, Rhode Island, requesting him to arrest John M. Cookson, master of a small schooner plying between Providence and Norfolk, Virginia. The accused was charged with having murdered his wife at the little town of Seacock, near Providence. Captain Leonard at once set about the task required of him, and in a very short time ascertained that Captain Cookson's schooner was then lying in this harbour. He at once boarded the vessel, and on inquiring for the master, Captain Cookson appeared in person. The officer notified him of the charges against him and of his purpose to arrest him. Cookson turned pale, stammered, was confused, and in fact showed all those signs of embarrassment which are generally interpreted as evidences of guilt, but may also be the effect of surprise and virtuous indignation. He, however, submitted quietly to the arrest, protesting in the most solemn manner his innocence, and declaring that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of his wife, if she were not at home. The officer at once conveyed the prisoner to Seacock, and there learned the facts which had led to the arrest. It appeared that Cookson lived on the outskirts of the village with his wife, with whom he was not on the best of terms. Quarrels frequently arose between them, but no violence on his part had ever been observed. On a certain morning Cookson and his wife were overheard by the neighbours quarrelling violently. Shortly afterwards Cookson started for Providence, and immediately set out for Norfolk with his schooner. His wife was not seen during that day nor the one following, but no attention had been paid to that fact. On the third day some children, who were picking blackberries near the village, were attracted by the unusual movements of a dog which accompanied them to a spot where he was pawing up the earth in a frantic manner, and barking violently. On reaching the spot, the children were horror-stricken on beholding the face of a dead woman exposed to view where the dog was scratching. The citizens having been notified of the fact hastened to the scene, and in a short time had uncovered the body of a woman, over whose remains an inch or two of dirt had been scattered. It was found that the body was frightfully mutilated, and had been sprinkled with quicklime to aid in its decomposition previous to being covered with earth. The body was conveyed to the village, and there identified as the remains of Mrs. Cookson. The mother and sister of that lady positively identified the body, not only by its general appearance but by certain marks. Mrs. Cookson's hair was somewhat singular in its colour, and her manner of wearing it was peculiar. She had lost one of her front teeth, and another had been filled with composition. These marks all appeared on the body of the dead person, and the mother and sister were not only positive on these points, but also identified the clothing with which the corpse was covered. The despatch to Captain Leonard and the arrest of Cookson followed. It was shown that after the quarrel with his wife, the accused had come to Providence, and there purchased a barrel of lime, which had been sent on board his schooner. From this time he was lost sight of for several hours, and the next that was known he had boarded his schooner at an unreasonable hour and suddenly put to sea. The prisoner explained that he certainly did quarrel with his wife, and, leaving her in anger, had determined to start upon his voyage as speedily as possible. As he was going to a southern clime, in hot weather, he had purchased the lime to be used as a disinfectant on board his schooner. He could suggest no possible place where his wife could have concealed herself, and, indeed, had no doubt but that the body found was her remains. His explanations, of course, were disbelieved, and his fate was considered settled. Arrangements for his trial were completed, when, the day before the trial was to commence, Mrs. Cookson, alive and well, appeared upon the scene and claimed her husband. Mrs. Cookson accounted for her absence by stating that after the quarrel with her husband and his departure for Norfolk, she had departed quite as hastily for New Hampshire, where she had been visiting some friends. The question then arose, "Who is the woman who has been thus murdered?" but no satisfactory answer could be given, and, although the police long devoted their energies to unravelling the mystery, no solution to it could be obtained, and the affair was forgotten. A short time since Inspector Leonard had in custody a noted burglar. This man gave to the inspector a solution of the Seacock mystery. He said that the murdered woman was the wife of an expert English burglar, named Collins, who is now dead. Collins had long followed his nefarious profession, from the pursuit of which his wife had endeavoured to wean him. She was aware of many of the secrets of the gang to which Collins belonged, and particularly of all the facts connected with a burglary perpetrated at Providence shortly previous to her death. The gang had become suspicious of her, and fearing that she might expose them, had resolved upon her death. She was accordingly murdered by her husband and his associates, and her body disposed of in the manner described. Collins immediately left the scene, and shortly afterwards died in prison. The burglar who related these facts knew nothing regarding the history of the unfortunate woman, save that she was Collins's wife.—*New York Times*.

## A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN YORKSHIRE.

A SHOCKING tragedy occurred at Halifax on Saturday night. About half-past ten the son of Ephraim Smith, carpet weaver, Old Leebank, returned home, having been to the fair, and finding the door of his father's house fast, raised the latch by putting his hand through a hole in one of the panels, and entered. On obtaining a light he was horrified by the sight of his father seated at the window, his head resting upon the table, and his throat cut. Some of the neighbours were called in, when it was found that two of Smith's children had also been killed, one by having her throat cut, and the other by being suffocated. The one who had been suffocated, Emma, five years of age, was found on a bed near the window. She was laid with her face downward, her nose flattened, as if she had been struggling, and her right arm marked as if from blows. The other daughter, named Elizabeth, about ten years of age, was lying behind the louvered door with her throat cut. At the feet of the father was a razor, with which the murderer had evidently been committed. The surgeon who was sent for stated that the father had cut his own throat. Smith had for a considerable time been employed by Messrs. Crossley, and his wife had been in Wakefield Asylum about two years. He was a man of peculiar habits, and has been noticed of late to be depressed in spirits.

TWO SHILLING PRIZE GOLD PENCIL CASE, 2*1/2* inches long, with a reserve of leads, real stone seals, rings to attach them to chain, and free by return of post for 2*1/2* stamps. PARKER, 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. N.B.—The whole stock of watches and jewellery at a great discount; 5*l*. taken off every 20*s*, and 1*l*. 6*d*. off every 1*l*. purchase. Watch, clock, and jewellery price-list one stamp. The proprietor removing to Oxford-street.—[Advertisement]

## THE FIGHT WITH THE FENIANS.

The *Hamilton Spectator* contains a long communication from Mr. Alexander Somerville, its reporter, on the conduct and management of the 13th Hamilton battalion and the Toronto Queen's Rifles in the conflict at Lime Ridge. The following is abridged from this communication:—"The 13th started from Hamilton on the morning of the 1st of June, after months of drilling and pipe-claying, but not one of them had a canteen to carry water. Only about one fourth of the privates and non-commissioned officers had haversacks for their rations; but this want was not practically felt, for on the day of battle they had no rations to carry. The absence of canteens was serious. The thirst felt was intolerable; many drank from any black, swampy ditch they passed. A large portion of the men became faint and sick. But this was not all—there was not in the battalion a screwdriver to unscrew the locks, nor a screw to draw charges from the rifles. Sixty rounds of ball cartridge were served out, but many of the men had only forty rounds of caps. They had no shoulder-straps with buckles to carry the overcoat, and most of the men, before marching to meet the enemy, finding the coats would impede their firing, made a pile behind Teat's Tavern; but the expectation of returning thither was not realised, and they had to stand night chills, rains, and swamp vapours without proper clothing. They had no pickers for the choked nipples of the rifles, and some, consequently, would not go off. They had no portable camp kettles, and no mess tins. The Fenians, on their approach, retired into a thicket and fired from out of it; the 13th and the Own could only aim at the points where they saw flashes and smoke, themselves being wholly exposed in open ground. Had they been moved to occupy a section of the woods, it is believed they could have driven the enemy out, or at all events have held their ground comparatively unexposed until Colonel Peacock's force arrived. The first incident which seems to have attracted such notice among men of the 13th as to be remembered, after the firing had begun, was that of Colonel Booker coming at a gallop towards the rear, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Officer of the Queen's Own wounded; doctor wanted to the front.' It is quite unusual for a commander acting as brigadier-general, which on the 2nd of June Colonel Booker was, to gallop to the rear with any such message, and certainly not in accordance with military order to shout through the ranks of his men as he speeded along the intelligence that an officer had fallen in front. This officer was Lieutenant M'Eachren, of Toronto. A cry of 'Cavalry coming' then passed along the lines. Whether Colonel Booker raised that alarm, or took it from others, I could not, after much sifting of evidence, ascertain. Nine-tenths of all who gave an opinion said he did. And the bugler who sounded the order 'Form square, prepare to receive cavalry,' says the command, which he obeyed, was given by the colonel personally. The effect of forming a square on that open space might have been to concentrate the Fenian fire on a crowd of men who, except on one face of the square, could not return it. But the enemy did not inflict much injury. The square was not completed; the skirmishers not having arrived in when the call 'retire' sounded. Only a few of the 13th heard the order 'form square,' and most of the skirmishers did not hear the retire at all. Consequently, they remained for some time on the front after their supports had left. The bugle-sound 'retire' was understood by Major Skinner and other officers of the 13th, to only mean that the skirmishers should fall back on the reserves. They endeavoured to stop and rally the retreating men, and at one place, a barn, succeeded in doing so for a time. But the men said, 'The colonel has called "Follow me!" and yonder he goes; why are we not to follow him?' About half of them did follow, the rest adhering to Major Skinner's command. And then what was seen?—strong-souled captains and majors, of dauntless courage, who that day in their country's cause had done their duty well, weeping like children. Major Skinner wept; Adjutant Henry wept. If the captains, lieutenants, ensigns did not shed tears, their vexation, anger, and indignant scorn found some other mode of expression. Yet while they were weeping, or some cursing, the colonel continued to ride to the rear—ahead of the retreat. I do not attribute Colonel Booker's incapacity to cowardice, but to an unbalanced judgment, nervous temperament, and non-acquaintance with any military elements, except those suitable to a holiday parade. A colour-sergeant said to me, 'Sir, do you see where the setting sun is, over yonder, red among the trees? Well, when we had got the bugle order to retire, and were falling back, the first thing we saw of Booker was the figure on horseback, a mile and a half ahead on the top of a ridge, we and the rifles between him and the enemy.' A captain said, 'I never got sight of him until we arrived at Port Colborne, distance of the march from the field of action fourteen miles, and ascertained that the commander had come in two hours before us.' A bandsman of the Queen's Own said to me, 'We, with the Hamilton 13th, should have cleared the woods but for the order to form square and prepare to receive cavalry. We formed square accordingly on an open ground, and were as nicely grouped together to receive the Fenian bullets from the woods as Sweeny, or Roberts, or O'Neil could have desired us to be—we were unable to return the fire with effect upon a concealed enemy; then we got the order to retire. We observed the 13th at that time in some confusion; they had not completed forming square when the retire sounded. That increased the confusion, with the sight of Booker riding hurriedly from under fire to the rear. We of the Queen's Rifles believe that the 13th behaved well, and would have advanced steadily, or stood where ordered to stand, but for their colonel's blunders.' Various appearances may have suggested cavalry. A number of farmers who were out on horseback took a sudden departure when they found bullets whizzing about, and were riding for dear life. Some of the Fenian officers also were mounted, and acted as scouts, and they may have been then reconnoitring."

A FUGITIVE KING.—A letter from Prague of the 23rd says:—"This morning I, in common with those staying at the Hotel of the Golden Angel, was awoke by an unusual bustle and movement. It proceeded from an immense crowd, who, collected round a lady and gentleman, were shouting joyfully. They soon disappeared under the gateway of the hotel, and I found from the moving of furniture in the room above me that I was going to have them for neighbours. I inquired who they were, and was informed they were the King and Queen of Saxony. Such is the fortune of war, which gives me a king as neighbour. His countenance is pensive, and was, it appeared to me, paler than when I saw him two years ago at Dresden."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A GOOD HAT.—A hat is the index to the character and condition of the wearer—a proof of taste and sense in fact. A good hat shows that a man has a proper respect for the prevailing fashion of progress in the customs of civilised society. Walker's Half-Guinea Hats are unequalled in quality and style; the shapes being in every variety, are suitable to all comers. To improve the memory, it would be well to repeat frequently that WALKER'S HAT MANUFACTORY is at No. 49, Crawford-street, corner of Seymour-place, Marylebone.—[Advertisement.]

## A FRENCH MURDERER.

On the 11th of January last a middle-aged widow lady in Paris, Madame Midy, by profession a painter, narrowly escaped being murdered. A man who had lately been in her house as a workman in the employment of a framemaker whom she patronised, was the intended murderer; and he had doubtless been tempted to the deed in order to rob his victim of some small but valuable paintings which had been entrusted to her by a Polish prince. He called under pretence of looking for a tool which he had accidentally left behind. Not finding it, he drew from his pocket a bolster-cover, asking the lady if it did not belong to her; and as she turned away, annoyed by his questions, he took the opportunity to throw the cloth over her head so as to cover it, at the same time placing one hand on her neck and the other on her mouth, stuffing the linen down her throat so as to stifle her cries. She had been able to scream a little, however, and her screams, the noise of the scuffle, and the sound of her fall on the floor, brought a brother painter—the Sieur Vanchelet—who was in an adjoining apartment, to her assistance. The prisoner, thus interrupted, coolly walked away, merely saying that the lady was ill; but he was followed and arrested. The police soon identified him as the man who was "wanted" for a horrid murder committed a few days before, and a little more investigation proved their prisoner, Joseph Phillippe by name, to be one of those great criminals of the Dumollard type, who commit murder by wholesale, partly from pure blood-thirstiness of nature, and partly for the plunder and outrage of their victims. His trial has just taken place under one of the most formidable *actes d'accusation* which the ingenuity of French lawyers has constructed. The prisoner's appearance and antecedents quite correspond with the last epoch of his history. He is a short, thick-set man, with black hair, closely-cut beard and moustache, low forehead, deep-set eyes, thick lips, and generally a ferocious look, although dressed in the garb of a well-to-do workman. Born in 1831, so that he is now thirty-five years of age, he was taken for the military service in 1852, condemned in 1856 to a year's imprisonment for misconduct, and enrolled soon after in one of those terrible Battalions d'Afrique into which the scoundrels of the French army are draughted. He returned to Paris in 1861, and has since been in numerous situations as cook, groom, general servant, and warehouse messenger, but staying long in none on account of his drunken habits. The idea of living by murder and robbery appears to have originated in the necessities of his poverty when out of employment; and his system is novel, as the first attempt to take advantage of a certain feature in our social life. The murderer two years ago, at Florence, victimised lodginghouse-keepers, whom he found out as *faiseant lodger*, and whom he was enabled to murder on account of their lonely position. Joseph Phillippe selected for his operations the class of unfortunates whose degradation and isolation, and the peculiarities of their miserable trade, expose in a high degree to the danger of assassination. The Waterloo-road murder, and the more recent murder of Emma Jackson, exemplify among ourselves what these dangers amount to. But the prisoner is the first to have seen in the facts the chance of a living. From the evidence now obtained, it is certain that he did act on system. More than two years ago he revealed his secret to one of these females in the weakness of intoxication. "I love women well," he said, "and I do for them well, I stuff their mouths and cut their throats. Wait a bit, and you will hear me talked about." What passed for grim jest has become a too horrid reality. Several unfortunates had perished in Paris since 1861, strangled, or with throats cut, but it is only within the last two years that cases have been found in which there is proof against the prisoner. There are three distinct cases, one of them a double murder, in which the infant of one of his victims was also killed, and the circumstances are much alike in all. Three days before his apprehension he arrested, at eleven o'clock in the evening, in the Rue de la Ville l'Eveque, a girl named Marie Victoire Bodeux; soon afterwards he was seen entering the building in that street in which were her apartments, and a quarter of an hour later he was observed to leave by an old man who lived in the house, and who wanted to see the girl. This man, entering her apartment, discovered her on the floor with her throat frightfully gashed, and the marks of blood-stained fingers on the drawers and their contents, which, as well as the mattress of the bed, had been rummaged for valuables. It was found that the murdered woman's purse, containing 4*l*, and several articles of jewellery, had been stolen; and luckily there were found in the prisoner's possession sufficient articles to identify him. Before leaving he had had time to wash his hands in a basin which stood upon the dressing-table in the apartment. The other murders with which he is connected were committed in the spring of 1864. One morning in April that year an unfortunate, named Julie Robert, not having appeared since the evening of the day before, was found in her apartment, in the Rue St. Joseph, with her throat cut in a similar fashion to that of the girl Bodeux—her pockets and the whole apartment also bearing marks of hasty rifling, and a handbasin in like manner marked with blood stains. The prisoner is said to have taken with him a handkerchief, which has been identified as the deceased's property, and he is proved to have been spending money freely at the time, although he had but newly entered on an employment after a term of idleness, and had yet received no wages. His strange demeanour and agitation at the time have also been remembered against him. The most horrid affair of all was the murder in November following, in the Rue St. Marguerite, of a woman named Mage and her two-years-old son. One Sunday morning in that month workmen passing to their work observed for a moment a woman in her chemise at a window, hoarsely crying out and gesticulating strangely, but, thinking she was drunk or mad, they passed on. She was neither drunk nor mad, but in the fatal grasp of a murderer. Nor did her cries bring the assistance of neighbours. Half-an-hour after a man resembling the prisoner was seen to descend the stair of the house and depart, leaving the key of the apartment on the landing. There was some suspicion, and on an entrance being made, the two bodies were found horribly mutilated and bruised—the woman having plainly gone through a tremendous struggle before succumbing. There were the same marks of rifling left as in the other cases, showing the same author. The prisoner was not only identified by those who saw him leaving, but another unfortunate, whom he had addressed the same evening, had been so frightened at his looks that she would not take him home, and had seen him afterwards going home with the deceased. She was not the only woman of the class who testifies to having been saved from probable murder by a similar fear. The strangest fact of all remains, and that is the horror of the prisoner at his own crimes. His sleep was disturbed by frightful dreams. After the last mentioned murder those in the house where he lodged heard him raising frightful cries as if some bloody apparition had appeared before him. He plunged into deeper debauches to drown the terrors of his conscience. One would almost have expected that so whole-

sale a criminal would have been more hardened. Such is one of the most frightful chapters of crime that have lately been recorded. The prisoner is not to escape the last penalty of the law, although it is considered that the 1864 cases are not quite established against him. Even a French jury has found it impossible to give him the benefit of extenuating circumstances.

## CONFESION OF THE ALLEGED GATESHEAD MURDERER.

THE young man Cuthbert Rodham Carr, who had given himself up to the Gateshead police self-accused of the murder of the poor little girl Sarah Melvin, near his father's house at Carr's-hill on the night of the 13th of April, was brought before the borough magistrates of that town charged with the crime. The court was densely crowded, and upon the prisoner being placed in the dock he had all the appearance of a person of weak intellect. Mr. Elliott, the chief constable, narrated the circumstances under which the prisoner gave himself into custody, and read the following confession made by him after being duly cautioned:—

"Cuthbert Rodham Carr, having been cautioned, saith,—On Friday afternoon, the 13th of April, that is just the time, about half-past two in the afternoon, I saw the little girl coming up the road. The same road as the father and mother came after. I took hold of her first, and carried her away. She was over frightened and crying—never spoke a word. I took her into the stable and up you ladder like into the loft at the far end like. She then said, 'Mother, mother!' I just choked her then. Before she was choked I laid her down. . . . She was choked after that. I laid her underneath the hay to keep her warm. I can tell you the time when I think on. It was half-past six o'clock. I got one piece of string about a yard long. I split the twine in two—did not cut it. You know I just split it with a pull. I tied the twine on her neck first. The neck had a lump in it. If I can mind right, she was dead long before that. I also tied her wrists together. That was at half-past six, you know. You know there is a door in you stable. I opened you door and just looked out at the door, and I saw two women coming down. This Catherine Forster for one. The other one lives beside the Felling Station. I locked the door then—there is a lock in it, you know—and came outside. Then I went into the house two or three minutes like, and I saw Catherine Forster going up the road again. I could not see any one else but her. Then I went up the road a bit myself, about thirty yards or so, to you place where the gate-posts is. I went to look. The distance where the gate-posts had to be put in. It was a quarter to seven then. I stopped there about five minutes, then came back again—came down again. I saw Catherine Forster coming down a second time. They were just singing. They did not speak to me. I then went into the house for a bit. The stable-door was locked at ten minutes to eight o'clock. My sister locked it with a key. About a quarter past eight I went and opened it again. The key was on the chimney. It always lies there. I went upstairs into the loft after I had opened it, and went to the corner where she was lying in under the hay. I carried her outside on to the road. You know I was going to take her up the other way first. Then there was some people came that way and passed us. I had her with me then. They went close past me, and I put her on to the other side of the wall till they got past—close as you are to me. She was lying about three feet from some of the people when they passed on the other side of the wall. I was not a bit frightened, you know. I then took her on to the road and picked the hay off her hair. Her hair was all wet with the water coming out of her mouth. The hay was all clagging on to it. I just combed away to you place. I had to wait a bit. There was some folks going down the road one after the other. I just let her drop over the wall, out of our field, on the corner on to the foot-path again the wall. I was going over myself to take her into the quarry. There was some one come down. They were very noisy, but they did not come that way. They went into the Split Crow-lane, by the back of our house. I then went into the house for about five minutes. I came out again to take her into the quarry. I went round by the Split Crow-lane. I met the father and mother about ten yards below the gate. They were scolding one another very hard. I walked past them both. I then went up Williamson's-road to get to the other place like. I heard them scolding theirselves all the while. I waited a bit—maybe five minutes. They stopped there five minutes very quiet, when they were up the other road beside our midden. I walked about twenty yards higher up the road. I was not as far up as where the bairn was lying. I had not got up to her then. The father and mother went up the road again. I thought they were going to come down that road, so I had to stop a bit. I waited till they got up the road a bit. They stopped talking when they got away. There was other two came down. They were speaking very low. They were walking sharp. I thought I could not get up to the bairn before they got down. I then went home the same road as I had come. I went into the house and went to bed—might be an hour after. I never had a knife. She was torn by my fingers. I tied her hands together just because the twine was there. It was our garden line. I burnt it when you was there at a quarter-past six o'clock next morning, when you was down that road. I got up at four o'clock to see what was doing. I saw Kemp, the policeman, there. There was two men there sitting on the wall—Bob Dell and Dennis. They had not half their clothes on. I knew the bairn was taken away. I saw the man and woman come down. I knew they could not pass it. I burnt the garden line, for fear it might be seen. I think I hardly have anything else to say, but just I did not know who she was at the first. I know her other sisters, but I did not know her. There was a lot of blood came, and I burnt the hay that it came on to. I choked her until she was insensible. . . . Her heart was beating. She was breathing by gasps, and died about ten minutes after that. . . . I never had a knife."

The foregoing statement having been read over, Cuthbert Rodham Carr replies, "It is every word the truth now." The prisoner was remanded.

CHILDREN TEETHING! Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething is perfectly harmless. It produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It cures wind colic, and regulates the bowels, gives rest to the mother, and health to the child. It has been thirty years in use in America, and is now sold in this country by all principal medicine dealers, at 1*s.* 1*d.* per bottle.—[Advertisement.]

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Revalente Arabica, yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience. Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Con-umption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Con-stitution, Diarrhoea, Activity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 5,000 cures annually. Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1*s.* 1*d.*; 1*lb.* 2*s.* 9*d.*; 1*lb.* 2*s.* 2*d.*; 2*lb.* 4*s.* At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]



CONTINENTAL SKETCHES.—THE PONT (BRIDGE) DE LA CONCORDE.

CONTINENTAL SKETCHES.—THE PONT (BRIDGE) DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

Paris has not, like London, a deep, broad river, navigable to the city by sea-borne vessels of large burden; but the Seine is, notwithstanding, a striking feature in Paris on account of its bridges and quays, as well as advantages from its extensive boat-navigation. It enters Paris from the E.S.E. about three and a-half miles below its junction with the Marne, at Charenton, and in its course forms a slight curve northward, its whole length from the Barrière de la Rapée at the eastern end, to the Barrière de la Grenelle at its western extremity, being 8,000 metres, or nearly five miles, in which space it forms three islets, the smallest, highest up the stream being the Isle Louviers, used as a depot for wood-fuel, the Isle of St. Louis, about 700 yards in length, and the Isle du Palais, the site of the ancient Lutetia, about five furlongs in length by two in breadth. The river is crossed by twenty-four bridges, of which five are on the suspension plan, three of iron and stone, one of wood, and the rest of stone. These structures, though usually on a level with the quays, and on the whole convenient, will not bear to be compared with the bridges of St. Trinita at Florence, or St. Angelo at Rome, much less with the noble bridges crossing the Thames. The islets in the river are connected with the north and south banks by ten bridges, some of stone and others of wood, of inferior size and little beauty. The banks of the Seine are not blocked up, like those of the Thames, with coal-wharfs, ware-

houses, and irregularly-built houses, running close down to the water's edge, but have fine open quays, affording uninterrupted walks, extending on both sides the river from one end of the city to the other, Paris being in this respect greatly superior to London. Wharfs and landing-places are formed in different parts, particularly towards the eastern end of the city. Depots for firewood are to be found along the river, and on all the outskirts of the town, and the boats along the wharfs on both sides the Isle du Palais furnish supplies of wood and charcoal. The navigation of the river is effected by large boats called coches d'eau, by barks, and within the last few years by steamers, the number of which is progressively increasing.

THIEVES FALLING OUT.—An extraordinary robbery was committed a few days back in the little town of Cuers (France). Some thieves, profiting by the absence of Madame Allegre, a rich landowner, forced an entrance into her house, and carried off, on a cart impudently brought to the door for the purpose, an iron safe containing plate, jewellery, and a large sum in money. The following day some children found the chest lying in a field, but broken open and ransacked of its contents. After much fruitless research, the police arrested two working bakers, formerly connected with the robbers, and who confessed to a participation in the robbery, adding, however, that their accomplices, two in number, had very unhandsomely carried off all the booty. In revenge, the men in custody gave the authorities every clue for the apprehension of their associates.

"We rejoice to think that in entering on a new sphere your royal highness will not be obliged to sever all those earlier ties which you have cherished with such affectionate reverence, especially during the season of domestic bereavement with which our beloved Sovereign has been visited.

"That every blessing for time and for eternity may attend your royal highness and the prince to whom you are about to be united, is the prayer of, madam, your royal highness's most humble servants,

"MANY DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

"June 30, 1866."

"Accept my warmest thanks for your beautiful present. It is most valuable to me in itself; but it is rendered still more so by the kind words with which you have accompanied it, and by the proof thus given that you, daughters, like myself, of our dear England, can appreciate the feelings which bind me to my native land and to my beloved mother, and can sympathise with the joy that fills my heart to think that it will still be my happiness to live amongst you."

The deportation then retired.

Her royal highness was attended by Lady Caroline Barrington and the master of the household.

The number of subscribers for the present was as follows:—

From England, 6,190; Scotland, 564; Ireland, 744; Wales, 240; India, 2; Constantinople, 1; Italy, 4; New York, 1; total 7,786.

## MR. SCOTT RUSSELL.

THE sailing of the Great Eastern affords us an opportunity of giving a portrait of Mr. Scott Russell, who took such a prominent part in the building of the huge vessel.

From the "Men of the Time" we learn that John Scott Russell, M.A., F.R.S., Vice-President of the Institution of Civil Engineers and the Institution of Naval Architects, was born in the Vale of Clyde in 1808, and is the eldest son of the Rev. David Russell, of the family of Russell of Braidwood. He received his education at the Universities of Edinburgh, St. Andrew's, and Glasgow, and graduated with honour at the latter, at the age of sixteen. Evincing a very early predilection for practical mechanics, his father first permitted him to be employed in the workshop as an engineer, and afterwards assisted him to prosecute his studies in cognate sciences. In these he made such advances, that on the death of Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, 1832, the young engineer, Scott Russell, was selected to supply temporarily the vacancy, and delivered a complete course of lectures on natural philosophy to the students. From this time his future career as a practical engineer and shipbuilder became decided; while still in Edinburgh he built some small steamboats for canal and river navigation, and also constructed steam carriages for common roads, which ran successfully between Paisley and Glasgow for a considerable time. In a few years he succeeded Mr. Caird, of Greenock, as the manager of one of the largest shipbuilding and engineering establishments in Scotland, where he continued until his removal to London, in 1844, and where he constructed four large steamships for the West India Royal Mail Company, (Teviot, Tay, Clyde, and Tweed). Meanwhile he had not neglected science, but had well applied its doctrines to mechanical arts. As a shipbuilder he was led to investigate the laws by which water opposes resistance to the motion of floating bodies, and he established the existence of the "wave of translation," on which he founded his "wave system" of construction of ships, introduced in 1835. A paper bearing on this subject was read before the British Association in 1835, and for some years he continued his experiments, which amounted to the almost incredible number of 20,000. It is only fair to state, however, that his claim to the originality of this discovery was vigorously contested by the late Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, the famed foxhunter. The first vessel constructed on his "wave principle" was the Wave, in 1835, which was followed by the Scott Russell in 1836, and the Flambeau and Fire King in 1839. These ships all proved successful. Mr. Scott Russell's principle was adopted by Mr. Brunel in designing the Great Britain, and it has steadily made its way both in the United Kingdom and America; and has been carried out in the Great Eastern, one of the largest triumphs of Mr. Scott Russell's genius. A memoir on the laws by which water opposes resistance to the motion of floating bodies was read by Mr. Scott Russell before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1837, and obtained for him the large gold medal. He was also elected a fellow, and placed on the council of the society. Ten years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, of which he is a vice-president. He has long been an active member of the British Association, and is a member of the Society of Arts, and was for some time its secretary. He was one of the three original promoters of the Great Exhibition of 1851, who under the direction of H.R.H. the late Prince Consort, planned and organized the

preliminary arrangements, and, in conjunction with Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., he was joint secretary to the royal commissioners for carrying out the Exhibition. He was one of the founders of the Institution of Naval Architects, and is one of its vice-presidents, and a contributor of many important papers to its transactions. He is the author of a large and costly treatise, entitled, "The Modern System of Naval Architecture for Commerce and War," which comprehends the theory of naval design, the practice of shipbuilding in iron and in wood, the principles of steam navigation, and is illustrated with 150 engravings containing the finest works of modern shipbuilders and engineers.

## DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

The following is from a letter written on board the Great Eastern the day after her leaving Sheerness:-

picture was a pretty one as we left the Kentish Flats, with their purple-tinted background of hills; passed the "bulks" which dot the river at a distance of every hundred yards; passed the jetty at Sheerness, lined with a multitude of spectators; passed the receiving ship, and the stately *Formidable*, which carries the admiral's flag; passed the large unfinished fortification at Battery Point, where hundreds of spectators gathered on the bend of the shore. Every vessel of war dipped its Union Jack, hundreds of blue jackets filled the rigging, and sent across the water a succession of ringing cheers, the echoing responses being given in obedience to the shrill whistle of the boatswain of the Great Eastern; while on the deck of the flag ship a band struck up the lively notes of "Cheer, boys, cheer." Thus to the music of inspiring shouts and martial strains the Great Eastern steamed out of the muddy and tortuous Medway into the deep blue expanse beyond.

"The Garrison Point furnished the Sheerness people with a good stand, for we went close by it, and then we were fairly out of the Medway, and with a head about east and by north, we stood out for the Nore light ship, which we passed within half a mile, and finally came to anchor off the Mouse Light, from which we can barely distinguish the shores that bound the estuary of the Thames. It was not by any means a scene so exciting as that of the return last August; but then that was on Sunday, and people had no business to attend to. This was on the busiest day of all the week, and however much interest the Sheerness people may take in the Great Eastern and in the object of her voyage, they were not likely to neglect their shops for the purpose of giving her a cheer. One or two of the Margate boats, and several homeward and outward bound steamers, varied their course that they might cheer us heartily, and during the afternoon the Alexandra steam packet came round us in due fulfilment of the contract in her advertisements, and her holiday passengers, who were few in number, for the same reason that Sheerness beach was not crowded, gave us to understand by vocal signals, and by much gesticulation, that they wished all success to the great work. Several lovely little yachts gathered about us during the day, and a fine steam yacht, belonging to Mr. Edward Edwards, saluted us with her gun as our best bower anchor dived with a mighty splash and mightier rush into eight fathoms of water. During Saturday evening an immense number of vessels passed us both ways, and even late at night

a steamer going by hailed us with hearty cheering, and we lay for the night without a particle of motion, although a stiffish breeze imparted sufficient disturbance to the water to make it clear that in smaller vessels people were being prettily tossed about.

"The third time is the charm," saith the superstitious but not incorrect proverb. And it is of good augury for this attempt to lay an Atlantic cable that from first to last there has, up to the present moment, not been the slightest hitch in any department. Even in last year's cable, then the most perfect long line ever made, there were continual stoppages at the works from the discovery of faults. This year the manufacture has never ceased for five minutes from any cause but that of the men leaving work at the usual hours. Every inch of the material has been delivered in perfect condition and at the contract time to a day. And lastly, the Great Eastern has started five minutes before her time; the William Cory, carrying the *Valentia* shore end, is well on her way to the West of Ireland, and, unlike the unhappy *Caroline* of last year, is making good weather of it. The Albany,



MR. JOHN SCOTT RUSSELL, M.A., F.R.S.

terior size and fine crew, with coal-wharf, water-blocked up, like those of the Thames, with

the Great Eastern sailed yesterday precisely at twelve o'clock—the day and hour fixed upon six months ago by Mr. Glass and Captain Anderson. If these gentlemen had been gifted with a prophetic vision they could not have been more fortunate in their choice. The tide was so high that it fairly touched the low marshy shore which skirts the Medway on either side, and the sky was as serene and the air as bright and warm with sunshine as the profoundest believers in good omens could have desired. Mr. Brockman, R.N., the pilot, came on board at ten o'clock; and his fitness for the responsible duty is best proved by the fact that the Government entrust the navigation of all their vessels in these waters. All the anchors save one having been hauled up (the fiddler playing the while on the capstan), the fourth anchor was detached from the chain and left to a mooring barge, assisted by a dockyard steam-tug, to pick up and convey to the new anchorage ground of the Great Eastern. This accomplished, the great ship, propelled both by paddle and screw, proceeded slowly and majestically on her appointed way—at the very moment of her departure Mr. Pender's yacht firing a friendly salute. The

which carries stores and grappling apparatus, went on Saturday; and the Medway, with a part of last year's cable and the Newfoundland shore end of this year's line, sailed on Tuesday—all these being ready to a day at the time long ago appointed. Her Majesty's ship Terrible will be in Valentia Harbour before she is required; and thus down to the minutest point, have the arrangements previously made been carried out to the letter. There is therefore some ground for believing that the good fortune will continue. But of course nothing succeeds like success; and perhaps they who still doubt will confess they were wrong when before this day mouth President Johnson's message of congratulation to her Majesty appears in print. The insulation tests show the cable to be in a better condition than ever cable on board ship was before; and from the advance which telegraphic science has made since the manufacture, and partly through the manufacture of this cable, there is reason to believe that independently of the new systems, there will soon be in the possession of the operators, through the cable, the means of transmitting signals with much greater speed. In fact, a new key for transmission will be at Valentia in a day or two, and when to the saving effected by this, is added the saving effected by Captain Bolton's system and by Messrs. Snell and Thomas's system, there is little reason to doubt that there will, in a few weeks or months, be sent through the cable a greater number of perfect messages in a given space of time than are now at all possible."

## The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went on Monday to a ball given by the Turkish ambassador and Madame Musurus at the Turkish Embassy in Bryanston-square.

His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Count Rantzau, disembarked at Dover on Monday morning, and was received by Major-General Francis Seymour, C.B., who had been commissioned by her Majesty the Queen to meet him at Dover. His royal highness landed under a salute from the heights, and was received by Major Ellice, the commanding of the garrison, and a guard of honour.

After partaking of breakfast at the Lord Warden Hotel the Prince left Dover by the twelve o'clock train for London, and arrived at Buckingham Palace at three o'clock.

His royal highness afterwards paid visits to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians at Claridge's Hotel, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House, and to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

### ACCIDENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

An accident, of which the consequences might have been very serious, happened to the Prince of Wales in Rotten-row, about a quarter-past one o'clock on Monday afternoon. His royal highness, who was riding at a foot's pace with one of his equerries and two ladies, had just reached the extreme end of the Row, nearest to Queen's-gate, and was in the act of turning, when a gentleman, who seemed to have lost all control over his horse, suddenly dashed at full speed down the incline, and into the very midst of the party. The Prince's horse, being right in the path of the charging horseman, and receiving the shock on its flank, or shoulder, was instantly knocked down, turning over like a rabbit struck by shot, and apparently rolling upon its rider, while the intruder passed clear over both. For a moment it seemed impossible that the Prince could escape without injury to life or limb from the struggles of his own horse. He disengaged himself, however, and got up without assistance, though at first he looked somewhat shaken, and as if suffering from a blow on the head. Recovering almost immediately, and never losing his self-possession for a moment, he seated himself on a bench close by, while the horse was being caught, and his hat and cane picked up by the bystanders. Long before any great crowd of equestrians had time to collect he had mounted again, and, rejoining the ladies, was riding homeward as if nothing had occurred, but not without some visible traces of the fall upon his face and dress. It was, altogether, a very narrow escape, as the few who witnessed it can testify, and the Prince's composure in a very trying position did great credit to his presence of mind and good humour. If not quite unharmed, he may well congratulate himself on having come off with nothing worse than a few bruises from a collision that might easily have proved fatal.

Whether the unfortunate author, or agent, of the catastrophe has been identified, and whether any particular blame attaches to him, is more than we can say. It was natural, perhaps, that he should appear dumbfounded at the time, and should have exhibited far less nerve than his royal highness. It is an unpleasant sensation, at best, to be run away with, and one cannot help pitying a man who, being run away with, finds himself helplessly riding down the heir-apparent to the crown.

### MELANCHOLY BOAT ACCIDENT—TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN DROWNED.

ONE of the most distressing boat accidents which we have had to record occurred at Spithead on Saturday afternoon, by which two young gentlemen, named Forbes and Cuthill, the former a pupil and the latter a tutor at the North Grove House Naval Academy, Southsea, lost their lives. The event has created a feeling of profound sympathy, as both Mr. Forbes and Mr. Cuthill were much respected. It appears that these two young gentlemen, who were accompanied by Mr. O'Hara, another pupil belonging to the same academy, hired a boat for the purpose of having a sail round the ships at Spithead. On returning towards Southsea beach, sudden gust of wind capsized the boat, precipitating its three occupants into the water. Forbes could not swim, and for a minute or two he was supported by Mr. Cuthill and Mr. O'Hara, who appear to have acted in the most heroic manner. At length Mr. Forbes sank, as also did Mr. Cuthill, who could have saved his own life, if he had not gallantly stayed by his pupil till the last. Mr. O'Hara, finding that he could not possibly do any good, but that he should only sacrifice his life if he any longer tarried, struck out for the shore, but after swimming a distance of some 300 yards, he became exhausted, and at this period he was fortunately picked up by a small yacht. Mr. Cuthill's kindness of manner had made him a great favourite with his pupils, and he was a gentleman of very considerable attainments. He was about twenty-five years of age. Mr. Forbes, singular to state, had that day completed his 14th year, and had a nomination for a naval cadetship. His father is the Rev. Granville Hamilton Forbes, of Broughton Rectory, Kettering.

### NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH FOR ONE PENNY.

### NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH FOR EVERYBODY.

### NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH. JUNE 20th.

### NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH. ALL BOOKSELLERS.

### NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH. BOW BELLS. NO. 99.

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Work.

Steam - Carriages on Common

Roads.

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B. T. W.—Send us your address and we will answer you through the post, to recommend you a respectable London solicitor. A lawyer's consulting fee, either personally or by letter, is 6s. 8d. It would cost you about 10/- to pass through the Bankruptcy Court, unless your case be a complicated one; and then you must employ counsel, which would be three or four guineas more. An ordinary case of divorce costs about 30/-.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Only persons who are actually in prison for debt can petition the Bankruptcy Court in *forma pauperis*. If you can manage it, you ought to arrange privately with your creditors under the Act of 1861. It costs very little; but you will require the consent to the arrangement of three-fourths in number and value of those creditors whose debts amount to 10/- or upwards. If you cannot do that—if your creditors will not assent, in spite of your showing them that you cannot satisfy their claims at present—you will, no doubt, be sued and arrested. In that case, if you are sued in the superior court, and arrested, you can petition in *forma pauperis*, or wait for the monthly attendance of the registrar to make you bankrupt. If you are sued in the county court, and arrested for a debt not exceeding 20/-, you can neither petition in *forma pauperis*, nor be included in the registrar's monthly return; but you will be at the mercy of the county court judge, who will consider your inability to pay, the cause of your insolvency, and the other facts of your case, in deciding how you shall pay the debt. If you are sued in the county court, for a debt exceeding 20/-, and arrested, you can petition in *forma pauperis*, or wait for the registrar's attendance. These particulars are all derived from the "Guide to the Law," by Mr. E. Reynolds, the barrister. The third edition is now on sale, at Stevens and Sons' Bell-yard, Lincoln's-Inn, price 5s. 6d., or 3s. 10d. post free. There is no point of law regarding the every-day matters of life which is not clearly defined in this most useful work.

STUDENT.—All the French lessons given some years ago in *Reynolds's Magazine*, under the head of the "Educational Column," are to be found in the "Self Instructor." This work by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, can be obtained by sending fourteen postage-stamps to Mr. Dicks, at our Office. Persons of defective education can improve themselves exceedingly by its use. Indeed, it contains all the requisite lessons to constitute the groundwork of a really good education. The French language can be self-taught by its aid in a very short time.

J. W. W.—It is a principal object of medicines to give strength and tranquillity to the system at large, which must have a beneficial influence on all its parts, and greatly promote the well-being of every local disease. The necessary rules for this purpose are all laid down in the "Golden Book." It is an excellent little work; and its perusal will enlighten the ignorant on medical matters, and dispel many groundless fears as well as afford much valuable information by enabling nine persons out of ten to become their own doctors. It is sold, price 4d., postage-free, by T. Walter, No. 8, Grafton Place, Euston Square.

H. J. W. (Brighton).—Thanks for your kind offer, but we have no need of them for the present.

H. H. G.—The "Eudard" Company carry the mail; but the appointment you speak of rests with the Government, and requires considerable interest to obtain it.

### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

#### ANNIVERSARIES.

D. D.	A. M.	P.M.
7 s	8 42	9 20
8 S	9 53	10 28
9 M	11 31	36
10 T	—	0 9
11 W	0 40	1 9
12 T	1 36	2 2
13 F	2 27	2 52

Moon's changes.—New moon, 12th, 2h. 4m. p.m.

#### Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.	AFTERNOON.
2 Sam. 12; Luke 20.	2 Sam. 19; Colos. 4.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast and Fast days.—None in the Church of England Calendar during the week.

### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

More than sixteen years have elapsed since a King of Prussia stood before a vast multitude assembled before the palace at Berlin, when the people, who, like so many other people, had on that eventful year "conquered their King," took offence at the covered head of their Sovereign, and compelled him to do obeisance by the murmured threat, "Down with the hat, or down with the head." Only seven days ago another Prussian monarch stood bareheaded before the same throng of his subjects, and, lifting high the brass helmet which is his crown in warlike times, told his people of the hard-won success of his armies in the field, hinted at the strenuous efforts that would still be demanded of them and of the nation, and called upon the Prussians to rally round the standards with "God for King and Fatherland." The King's words sprang from an impulse of genuine emotion. Moments of breathless anxiety have come for Prussia and Germany, and the subjects of King William gave answer to the royal appeal with an outburst of spontaneous acclamation. Prussia has seen rather hard times of late. A nation patient, loyal, submissive to a fault, has been treated with harshness and indignity. The compact between the Sovereign and his subjects—that "sheet of written paper" which Frederick William IV would never allow "to stand between him and his people," but to which he, nevertheless, found it necessary to append his signature—has, indeed been lately held of no more worth than waste paper, and the King and his overbearing minister have followed no other rule of action than to save their own absolute, irresponsible, iron will. Yet the leave-taking of that monarch and that statesman from the Berlin people the other day bore all the marks of reciprocal regard, and even tenderness. The Prussians were deeply penetrated with the magnitude of the task William I had taken upon himself, and, although the result of the elections proves their firm determination to fight out their constitutional battle against the Government with their wonted stubbornness, it is certain that they will never allow domestic embarrassments to paralyze the energy with which the State will now have to meet foreign complications. Whatever may come to pass after the close of the war, there is no doubt that the Government and the people of Prussia are at one for the present. "Count Bismarck," a Berlin correspondent informs us, "on leaving the Palace, became, like his royal master, the object of a regular ovation, and Herr von Roon, the Minister of War, had people shouting and hurrahing in front of his hotel all day long." We should be surprised if this same Count Bismarck were soon to be a demigod not only in the eyes of the Prussians, but of all patriotic Germans. However loud the outcry of all men may have been against the means by which that crafty and violent statesman was compassing his end, it is impossible to deny that he was, and is, the only man in all Germany who knows what he is about and what he wants. Nay, he is, perhaps, the only one who knows what everybody in Germany wants, and that is a united German empire.

THE Great Eastern has again departed on her mission of attempting to lay the Atlantic telegraph cable. It is recorded of one of the great heroes of romance that once, when he was under a cloud, he amused himself in the obscure retreat to which misfortune had temporarily consigned him with watching the efforts of a spider to fix his line across a certain space for the purpose of fabricating a web. The insect failed of his object more than a dozen times, but with impulsive and mechanical perseverance went on till he succeeded. The Bruce, who is the hero of the best known version of this story, on witnessing the triumph of so feeble and contemptible an insect, exclaimed that it would indeed be a satire on humanity if a spider were to succeed by simple perseverance, when man suffered himself to be beaten; he had only failed two or three times in the enterprise on which he had set his heart, and

was it for him to give up in despair with such a lesson before his eyes? Accordingly he rose up, imitated the example of the spider, and finally triumphed like the spider. Several attempts have been made of late years to fix a line across the Atlantic Ocean for the transmission of what will be practically instantaneous messages between the Old World and the New; and though these attempts have hitherto failed, still, costly and gigantic as they are, modern enterprise, with the indefatigable perseverance of the spider in fixing up his line, is again returning to the attempt, and within the current week the largest ship ever built will leave England for the purpose of achieving, if possible, the most extraordinary and gigantic enterprise the world has ever seen. In a very short time from the present we shall know whether Europe and America are at once to be within a few seconds of communicating distance from each other, or whether that result—which we cannot help looking upon, as at present advised, as a mere question of time—is to be deferred for a year or two longer. We well remember, watching the last experiment, how the signals, after continuing unbroken for days, all at once became fainter and fainter, and then ceased altogether, a solution of continuity at some point or other having become no longer problematical. We remember the defects which interfered with the proper insulation, how pieces of wire were found sticking in the cable, and had to be cut out, and how at last all doubt and suspense were removed by the intelligence that the cable itself had parted, had been fished up (as there was every reason to believe) from the bottom more than once, and finally lost, the grappling gear being unequal to the strain upon it. This time the failure will not, according to the information before us, be due either to any defect in the arrangements or to the inadequacy of the grappling apparatus, or to any inherent imperfection in the cable itself, which was capable of being guarded against in the existing state of our knowledge. Every failure has served to add to our experience; and whether the fund of practical knowledge now acquired is sufficient to ensure the success of the undertaking remains of course to be seen; but whether it has or not, we may be sure that under no circumstances will the enterprise be abandoned. We practical men of the present day are not going to be beaten either by the spider or by the semi-mythological hero who succeeded by imitating it. We hope soon to have to record that the Atlantic telegraph is no longer to be ranked in the category of what our cousins-german call the "becoming," but as an accomplished fact.

**EASTERN POLITENESS.**—A delightful piece of Oriental courtesy is reported from Astrabad, the noted military port on the southern shores of the Caspian. It appears that the Shah of Persia, who had been travelling in those distant parts of his dominions with a suite of no less than 3,000 persons, graciously bestowed a visit upon the admiral of the Russian fleet anchored in that harbour. Among the amusements afforded the illustrious guest was a trip on the sea in a splendid steamer. The Shah no sooner found himself on the unwonted element than he experienced the ordinary sensations of humanity in visiting Father Neptune for the first time. The Russian admiral stood aghast, fearing the anger of the untravelled despot. "I am afraid your Majesty is unwell," he at length observed, apologetically. "Not in the least," immediately retorted the polite Moslem; "I am now a guest in the house of my brother, the Czar. How—how—can I feel otherwise than happy and delighted under his roof?" Where is the self-possessed European who would not have given way in such an extremity?

**SAD FATALITY AND NARROW ESCAPE AT PORTHLEVEN.**—On St. Peter's Day it is usual in Cornwall for people to proceed to the sea coast for the purpose of taking short trips to sea, bathing, and promenading; and no place is more resorted to than Porthleven, in Mount's Bay. The weather on Friday last was most inviting, and thousands of persons assembled at the pretty little watering place, thoroughly enjoying themselves, until about seven o'clock in the evening, when it was announced that a young man was drowned about a quarter of a mile to the westward of the harbour. The report was too true. Amongst others bathing there was Joseph, the fourth son of Mr. Behrenger, watchmaker of Helston. He had been in the water some time, and not being a very good swimmer he was cautioned as to the danger of going too near some rocks in the tow of the sea by Mr. Thomas Jewell, of Helston, who after bathing was sitting partially dressed on a rock close by. Mr. Thomas, jun., mercer, of Meneage-street, Helston, passed young Behrenger just previously and came ashore. It was soon observed that the latter was in the run of the sea, apparently helpless, with his arms and head out of the water, seemingly imploring assistance, but speechless, and evidently in danger. Mr. Jewell, with the utmost promptitude, got into the sea and managed to seize hold of the now sinking man, who, with both hands clutched him with fearful grip, and the two went down. Mr. Jewell rose from about ten feet of water, disengaged from young Behrenger, who, with one hand had seized his hair, which happened to be cut close, and it slipped. The other hand, which was clenched around Mr. Jewell's arm, also slipped, but not until the arm was lacerated near the elbow, and soon after the unfortunate young man lay by the side of a rock in deep water visible to his friends, but beyond the reach of assistance. Had a good diver been present his life might possibly have been saved; but there was no one who could dive or swim well, and Mr. Jewell had gone under water with his mouth open, and was himself too prostrate to do more than he had done. Before a boat could be got round from the harbour a great part of an hour had elapsed, and hundreds of people had assembled, by whom the motionless body was, with arms extended, plainly seen through the clear water. By means of a boathook the body was eventually recovered, and carried first to the inn, and then deposited in the house belonging to the National Lifeboat Institution to await an inquest. The sad occurrence created great consternation through the village, and spread gloom and alarm on every face. The difficulty of holding a naked body in the water by an expert swimmer is well known; and when a good swimmer is seized by a person struggling for life, there is always more or less danger, and it is wonderful that Mr. Jewell managed to escape drowning. All that could have been done by the persons near was little, for without a line or a pole, or anything to assist them, the task was hopeless. Deceased was a member of the Helston rifle corps.—*Western Morning News.*

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROST'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.**—Superior Harmoniums from 4s. 4d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.—[Advertisement.]

## Cheerfuls, Music, &c.

**HER MAJESTY'S.**—Mozart's "Il Seraglio" was performed on Saturday evening before a brilliant and fashionable house. The plot may be thus briefly sketched:—Constance, a Christian lady and her attendant Blonda, are confined in the harem of Selim, a Turkish bashaw. The bashaw falls desperately in love with the beautiful captive, and endeavours by all the means in his power to procure reciprocation of his love. Constance, however, is deaf to his entreaties, having already given away her heart to Belmont, of whose history and fortunes we are left entirely in the dark by the librettist. Nevertheless, as he is well-dressed, properly behaved, and keeps a male servant, we take for granted that he is a cavalier at all points, and worthy the affections of the captive-beauty. Pedrillo, Belmont's servant, is in love with Blonda, and in conjunction with his master, plans a scheme whereby the Christian lady and her attendant are to be carried off from the bashaw's palace during the night. Osmin, the bashaw's head gardener, and to whom the bashaw has given Blonda as a slave, is plied with wine by Pedrillo, and made so tipsy that he has to be carried off to bed. By this means the confederacy think they have rid themselves of their only hindrance to escape. They reckon, however, without their host. Either the wine was too weak, or the gardener is too strong, for just as the quartet of lovers are hurrying away, Osmin, having thrown off the effects of his drink, enters, summons the guard of janissaries, and the four are taken before the bashaw, who orders them incontinently off to execution, but relents in a moment, extends his pardon, and places the hand of Constance in that of Belmont. The audience at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening seemed to pay little attention to the absurdity of the story, but rather to accept every impossibility as a matter of course, and principally to direct ear and heart to the music. Applause rained incessantly throughout the performance; yet so determined were the artists to disown the encores, that only one was accepted—namely, the duet between Osmin and Pedrillo—that in which the gardener is mad-drunk, and this was too persistent to be refused. Moreover, the duet could not have been possibly better sung than it was by Signor Stagno and Herr Bokitansky. In a bistrionic sense the part of Constance is almost a nullity, but vocally speaking it is one of the most difficult imaginable, and when entrusted to competent hands is one of the most telling in the operatic repertory. It was one of Mdlle. Titien's grandest nights, and her magnificent singing and peerless voice will go long way to recommend Mozart's "Seraglio" to the English public. Mdlle. Sainio made an arch and most fascinating Blonda, and sang all her music most admirably. Dr. Gunz, who made his first appearance this season, is to be complimented for his musically feeling, his artistic skill, and his thorough acquaintance with the music. Signor Stagno sang and acted unusually well as the servant Pedrillo. Signor Foli gave much weight and importance to the small part of Selim. The band was perfect, the chorus splendid, the scenery beautiful. "Il Seraglio" is to be repeated on Tuesday evening.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Gounod's opera of "Faust and Marguerite" was performed for the last time this season on Monday, the principal singers being Signor Mario and Mdlle. Pauline Lucca. M. Faure, Signor Graziani, Signor Tagliafico, and Mdlle. Morena also took part. The other operas performed have been "Don Giovanni," "L'Africaine," and "L'Etoile du Nord." This evening (Saturday) "Lucrezia Borgia" will be played, the heroine being sustained by Madame Maria Vilda. Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, attended by a distinguished party, attended the opera on Monday evening last.

**PRINCESS'S.**—This establishment opened for the summer season on Monday evening, with a new three-act drama, entitled "The Huguenot Captain." It was highly successful, and the author was loudly called for before the curtain. The acting of Mrs. Sterling, Miss Neilson, and Mr. Vining elicited the highest marks of approval. The situations and scenery are of an exciting nature, the details of which we reserve until our next.

**ADELPHI.**—Mr. Burnand's version of the French opera bouffe, "La Belle Hélène," was produced here on Saturday evening last, under the title of "Helen; or, Taken from the Greek." Mr. Burnand has invented some good situations, and written here and there some very clever dialogues. We first meet with the lovely Helen before Jupiter's Temple. Paris (Mrs. A. Mellon) introduces Helen to Calchas (Mr. Paul Bedford) as a shepherd, and immediately enslaves the fascinating Helen. Conundrums and impromptu rhymes are among the amusements of the *fête* day, and at these the impudent shepherd is constantly victorious. He coquettish with Helen, and she with him, until the Oracle pronounces that Menelaus shall leave his wife and his home for a month. The departure of that hero concludes the first act. Helen is next seen in her domestic retirement, and sings a song, "Oh, Venus, I can't understand." This was encored. Paris is then announced, and the interview between the lover and Helen was admirably acted by both ladies. In this scene the real spirit of burlesque abounds. Paris's love-making and Helen's reception of the same is, undoubtedly, the best acted scene in the piece. It at last becomes rather rapturous, and Helen subsides into a kind of classical sleep-walker. Menelaus returns just as the lovers have declared their passion for each other. A solo, "We husbands take," sung by Miss Furtado, was here encored. In the last scene, On the Sands at Nauplia, Menelaus and Helen amuse themselves with a domestic squabble, and the fair Helen is at last carried off by Paris in a very gorgeous galley. Miss Furtado as Helen looked remarkably pretty, and acted with grace. Mrs. A. Mellon, as the very off-hand Paris, bore much of the weight of the burlesque, and Mr. J. L. Toole's quaint humour had full scope in Menelaus. Mr. Paul Bedford received a complete ovation in the course of the first act. Miss Godsall, as Glaucus, was the prettiest of waiting maids. Miss A. Seaman played Orestes, and Mr. C. J. Smith, "Ajax the Second, King of the Locrians." Mr. R. Romer appeared as "Philocomeus, a clerk in the Temple of Jupiter." The scenery is painted by Mr. Herbert. It is not to be supposed that the Adelphi company are all equal to operatic music; but some of them got on exceedingly well, and the burlesques passed off with spirit.

**THE NEW THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON.**—The work of reconstructing the Theatre Royal, New-road, has begun in earnest. The gutting of the interior is pretty well accomplished, and the building roofless, and thenceforward operations are intended to be carried on with energy and determination sufficient to open the new house, if possible, in the last week of September.

**THE OPERA AT SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.**—The Lyster Opera Company commenced a season on Easter Monday at the Prince of

Wales Opera House. Madame Lucy Escott still maintains her position as prima donna; and the principal members of the company have thoroughly established themselves in the good opinion of the audience. The orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr. G. Loader, are irreproachable; and the director, Mr. W. S. Lyster, is now adding "L'Africaine" to his already long list of operas, this work being in active rehearsal.

**MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.**—Mdlle. Liebhart is engaged for Mr. Mellon's new series of concerts, which are to commence on the 6th or 13th of August.

**THE T. P. COOKE PRIZE DRAMA.**—The Surrey Theatre will reopen early in September with the drama of "True to the Core," by which the author, Mr. Slous, gained the T. P. Cooke Prize. Mr. Shepherd is expending a large sum in its production, and the preparations being made in the scenic department are on a most extensive scale.

**MR. WALTER LACY.**—One of the very few of our legitimate school of acting, announced his benefit for Friday (yesterday) at the St. James's Theatre. The entertainments were a new comedy, and Goldsmith's celebrated comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Mendelssohn's Cantata, "The First Walpurgis Night," formed the feature of interest in the programme of last Saturday afternoon. The orchestra, under Mr. Mann's conductorship, acquitted itself admirably. The choir is a comparatively recent institution in connection with the Crystal Palace, and it becomes a pleasant duty to chronicle the rapid improvement in the choral body. Madame Demeric-Lablaque gave the solo of the Druid Woman, but it was not heard to the greatest advantage in music of this description. Dr. Gunz was unable to sing the part of the "Guard," as announced, and in this emergency Mr. W. H. Cummings undertook the duty. Mr. Santley's magnificent voice and firm, massive style, exactly enable him to give full effect to such music as Mendelssohn has given to the Druid Priest. The remaining vocalists were from Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska was recalled after singing "Ah non giunge." She also gave the "Air des bijoux," from "Faust." Madame Frebel-Bettini gave "Non più mesta." Signor Bosi was encored in the tarantella by Rossini, "Gia la luna," and Signor Bettini sang Almaviva's serenade, "Ecce rideant," from "Il Barbiere di Seville." A new vocalist, Mdlle. Lavini, contributed the too familiar cavatina from "Il Trovatore," "Tacea la notte." Mdlle. Trautmann, a pianist of considerable acquirements, was encored after playing Herr Alfred Jaell's arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home."

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Tie up dahlias as they advance, and remove all buds likely to produce inferior flowers. Bud roses in cloudy weather. Propagate double-flowering perennials and other showy herbaceous plants, by cuttings. Gather the seed-pods of pansies and polyanthus as they ripen. Look over beds frequently, and keep the young shoots of verbenas, petunias, &c., neatly regulated.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Plant out the main crops of celery. Prick out and plant broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage, and winter greens. Gather herbs for drying. Sow lettuce and radishes for succession. Earth-up growing crops, and keep clear from weeds. If the black fly appears on broad beans, cut off the parts infested. Top the tall sorts of peas, and give the roots plenty of liquid manure. Thin out onions, sow main crop of onions for winter use, and thin previous sowings.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Protect cherry trees, currants, &c., from the birds. Thin out gross shoots of gooseberries, to admit the sun and light. Clear raspberries from straggling suckers. Pay early attention to strawberries.

### THE NEW MINISTRY.

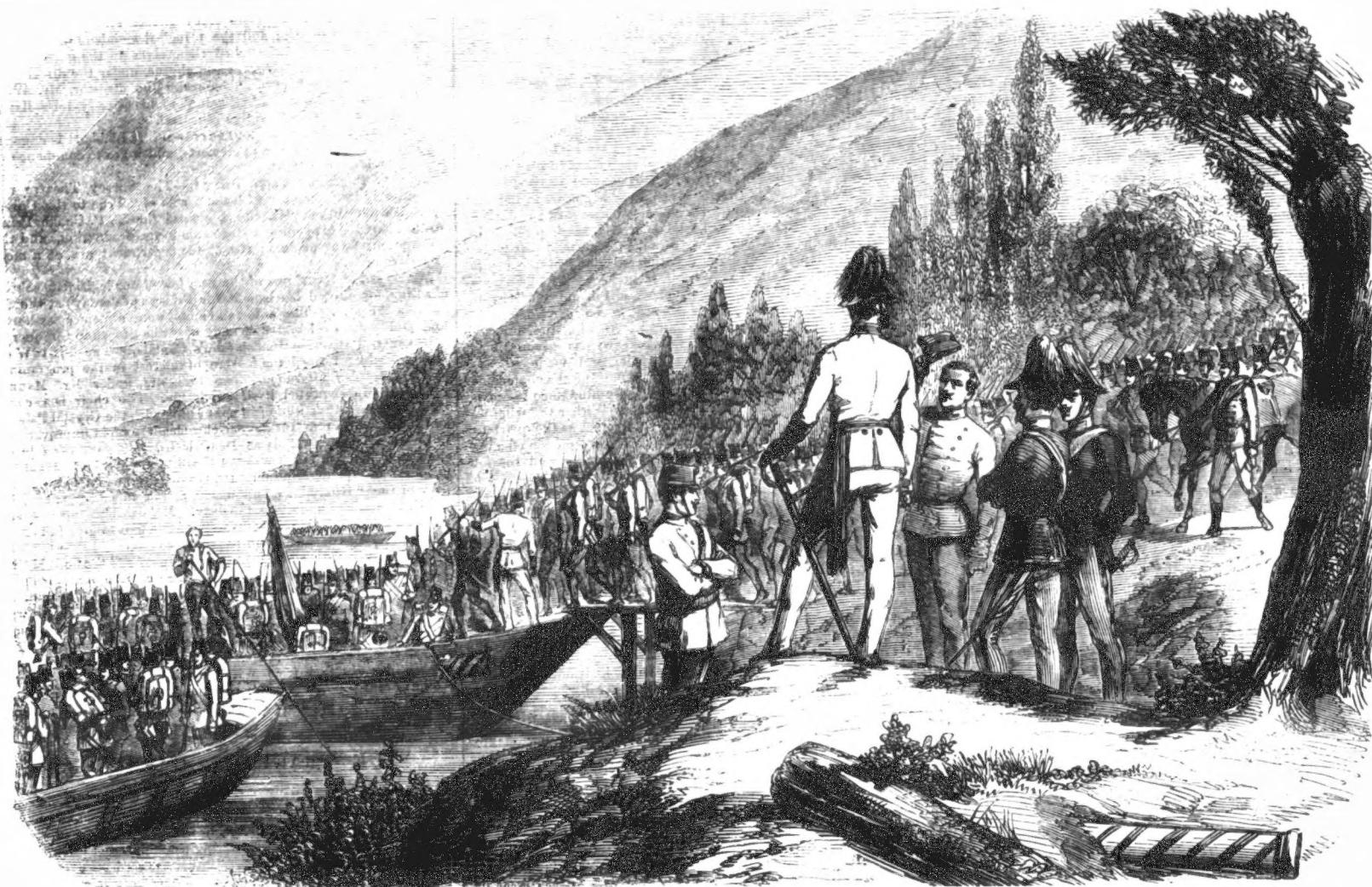
LORD DERBY had an interview with her Majesty on Tuesday, and submitted a list of names which the Queen was pleased to approve.

He will, it need not be said, be himself First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the Government in the House of Lords. Mr. Disraeli returns to his post as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and will as before be the chief representative of the Ministry in the House of Commons. Lord Clarendon will be succeeded by Lord Stanley. The Secretoryship of the Colonies is to be taken by Lord Carnarvon. Mr. Walpole will be again Home Secretary, Lord Cranborne goes to the India Office, and General Peel will be again Secretary for War. The Great Seal will be held by Lord Chelmsford. The Duke of Buckingham will be President of the Council, Sir Stafford Northcote President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy President of the Poor-law Board. Sir John Pakington will return to the Admiralty.

**A BOLD INTRUDER CHECKED.**—A curious case has just been brought before the Correctional Court of Metz on appeal. On the night of the 1st April last a young man of dissipated character, named Meyer, having clambered over some palings on the premises of one Schitz, an innkeeper, near Sarreguemines, endeavoured to enter by the aid of a ladder the bed-room occupied on the first floor by Schitz's daughter, a girl of fourteen, when the latter awoke and ran to inform her father. Schitz, being convinced from former acts that Meyer must be the person, armed himself with a double-barrelled gun, and waited in her room for the aggressor. The latter soon recommenced his attempt, on which the father, wishing to give him an opportunity of escape, fired in the air. But the other, far from abandoning his design, persisted; Schitz then fired again, and hit the trespasser in the face and left arm. Meyer the next day preferred a charge before the local court of Sarreguemines, which at once dismissed the complaint. An appeal was then brought before the tribunal of Metz, but that court confirmed the former decision, and acquitted Schitz.—*Gaglani.*

**A LAWYER** was once witnessing the representation of "Macbeth," and on the Witch's replying to the Thane's inquiry, that they were doing a "deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! why it's void; it's not worth sixpence."

**IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS!**—Are you disturbed at night and broken by your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?—if so, go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately; this preparation, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on the bottle. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, and relieves all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether it arises from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Price 1s. 1d. per bottle. Sold by chemists everywhere. Principal Office, 205, High Holborn, London.—[Advertisement.]



EMBARKATION OF AUSTRIAN TROOPS ON LAKE GARDA.

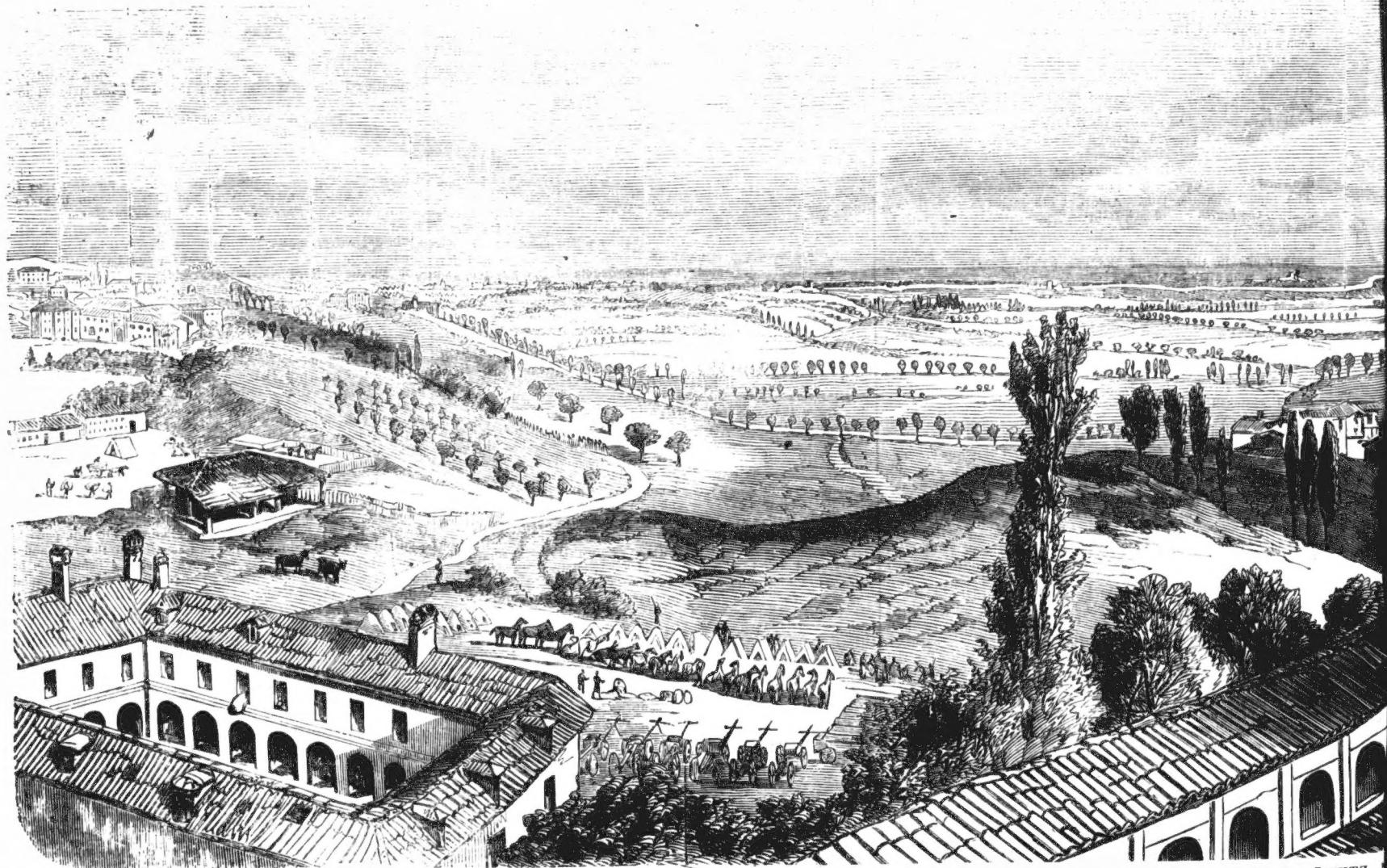
THE CONTINENTAL WAR.—GREAT BATTLE BE-  
TWEEN THE AUSTRIANS AND PRUSSIANS.

M. VILBORT, the special correspondent of the *Paris Siècle*, writing from Hronow, at midnight, on June 27, gives the following ac-  
count of the first battle in Bohemia between Prussia and Austria,

which resulted, it will be seen, in a complete victory for the former:—

"The first battle has taken place to-day; the Prussians have obtained the victory. The Austrians, who have suffered con-  
siderable losses, have been forced back behind the ramparts of Josephstadt. The number of their men placed *hors de combat* may be estimated as at least 4,000. Out of this number there are 2,000 prisoners. They have, moreover, lost six guns. The

Prussians have taken from them a flag, that of the 47th Regiment, *Deutmeister*, which has gained much reputation in the wars of Austria, and two cavalry standards belonging to the 4th and 6th Regiments of cuirassiers, Emperor Ferdinand and Prince of



THE CONTINENTAL WAR.—OLMUTZ.

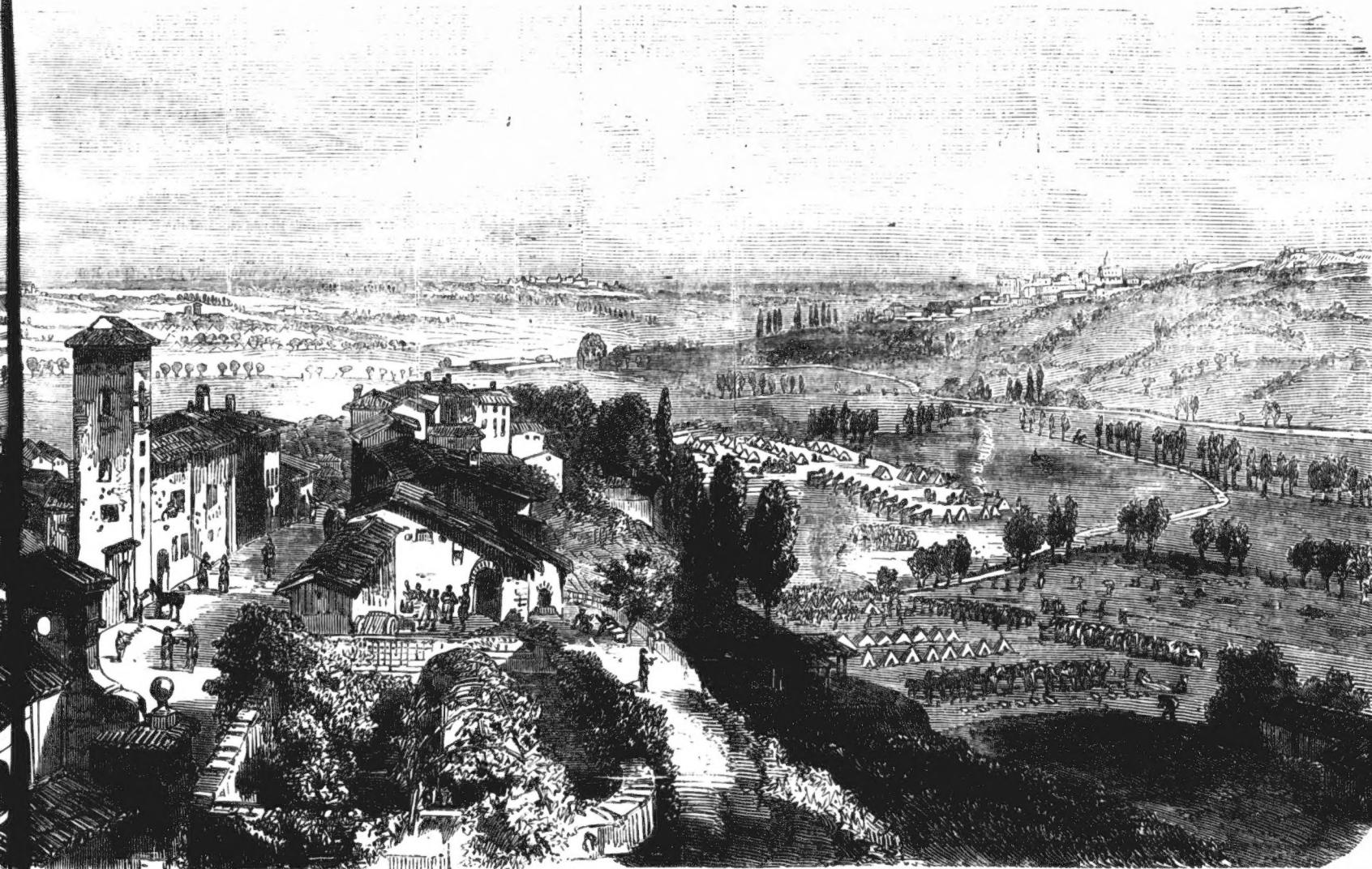


A SCENE AFTER THE BATTLE OF CUSTOZZA.

Hesse. The corps engaged in this battle, which will be called the battle of Nachod in military history, were—on the Prussian side, the 5th army corps, which reached Nachod after a march of ten hours in a mountainous country. It is commanded by the old and brave General de Steinmetz, who took part in the wars of the First Empire. The Austrians had the 6th army corps in line commanded by General Ramming, a division of cavalry, and troops from the fortress of Josephstadt. There were from seventy to eighty thousand men on the field. But the Austrians had the advantage of numbers, since the 5th Prussian corps com-

prised only twenty-five battalions of 1,000 men each, of which twenty-one fought, four being in reserve. The 6th Austrian corps comprised, on the other hand, twenty-eight battalions of 1,100 to 1,200 men, in addition to a strong cavalry force, and the reinforcements from Josephstadt. The Austrians also had the advantage of position. The following is a brief but accurate account of the battle:—The 5th Prussian corps had yesterday advanced as far as Nachod, beyond Hrnow, whence I am writing to you. It had followed a very dangerous route through the defiles of the country of Glatz—a mountainous route, affording the

Austrians some formidable positions. The whole of this march of this second army through these first Bohemian mountains must, moreover, be looked upon as a remarkably daring exploit. The three roads the army followed, equally narrow, encumbered with supplies and baggage, might, in the event of a reverse, have become the scene of disaster. But reliance was placed upon the solidity and the dash of the Prussian infantry, which—I say it without flattery, for it is truth—has shown admirable discipline and courage in this irruption into an enemy's country. Moreover, there were no other roads; there was nothing for it, therefore,



AL BENEDEK'S HEAD QUARTERS.

but to take these. The Austrians, no doubt, believed that the bulk of the army was still towards Neisse. They did not imagine that this movement upon the right flank could have been performed with such rapidity, for, in a few days 120,000 to 130,000 men were transported a great distance, with arms, baggage, ammunition, and supplies. The Prussians may be proud of this military operation, boldly conceived, skilfully executed, and by which it seems as though they wished to give a striking contradiction to their traditional slowness. If the Austrians knew of this movement it must be supposed that they did not arrive in time to prevent it. Otherwise it is difficult to understand that they did not wish to defend their defiles, in which a retreat would have been excessively difficult to the Prussians encumbered in narrow roads with all the materiel of a large army in motion. The 6th corps, forming the advanced guard of the Austrian army, advanced on its side this morning upon the road from Josephstadt to Brauna, where the Prince Royal of Prussia had established his head-quarters. The 5th Prussian corps which, as I have said, had pushed on as far as Nachod during yesterday evening, met the 6th Austrian corps on this very road, and out of this encounter, unexpected on both sides, a battle resulted. A detachment of Prussian lancers advanced at the head of the column as scouts. Nothing indicated the presence of the Austrians in force upon this point. They did not appear anywhere, and the whole country was tranquil. In passing out of the village the road rises towards a large plateau. The Prussian horse had no sooner entered it than an Austrian regiment dashed headlong upon them. The struggle commenced; but the Prussians, overwhelmed by numbers, fell back upon the infantry, which bravely sustained this terrible charge. The forces deployed on both sides, and the engagement soon became a battle. The Prussian cavalry, which has its spur to win, re-ascended the plateau, this time in force, and a frightful conflict took place, which left a multitude of men and horses on the field. The two Austrian regiments lost their standards. The struggle was not less desperate between the infantry. The Austrians had commenced the engagement with fourteen battalions sustained by their heavy cavalry, cuirassiers, and lancers. Although at first very inferior in numbers, the Prussian infantry sustained this first shock without yielding an inch. To the cavalry charges that it had to sustain, a murderous fire succeeded, both sides firing at a short distance from each other. The needle guns of the Prussian foot soldiers played sad havoc; while ranks of men on the Austrian side fell where they stood. This fusillade almost muzzle to muzzle also did great execution among the Prussians. Three of their companies lost all their officers. At last the charge was made with the bayonet. The artillery had taken up position on each side of the plateau. The Austrian artillery soon proved that it could contend against the Prussian guns. There were batteries which lost as many as thirty horses. The result of the battle was not for an instant doubtful. The Austrians fought with great bravery; but they were compelled to yield to the irresistible ardour of the Prussians. The battle commenced about half-past nine in the morning, and at three o'clock in the afternoon they were obliged to beat a retreat towards Josephstadt. This retreat, of which I know nothing yet, was no doubt very disastrous to the vanquished; for it was forced by a formidable artillery. At the commencement of the battle the Austrians opened fire with forty-two guns; the Prussians at first were unable to reply with more than eight. But when their artillery arrived and took up position upon the plateau, ninety-four guns thundered on their side. The enemy had one hundred and four. The general-in-chief, the Prince Royal of Prussia, arrived at the head of his staff at the commencement of the battle, and remained there until the victory was entirely decided in his favour. Several grenades exploded near without wounding him. The losses of the Prussian army are far from being as severe as those of the Austrian; but it has lost many officers. In addition to the results already indicated of this battle, in which the Prussians assumed the offensive, there are others of much importance: in the first place, a great moral effect upon the army; next, that General Steinmetz having had no need of other troops, these have been able to pursue their march in the mountains, so that at the present moment the second army is entirely in line, and in possession of all the defiles, which rendered its position very precarious in the north of Bohemia. All the villages are abandoned by their inhabitants. Nothing is to be obtained; not a morsel of bread, not even water in many of the wells, entirely emptied by the thirst of an army on the march. Houses deserted, the commissariat has had to provide everything. By midnight all the wounded were removed from the field of battle. As to the dead—let us turn away our gaze; 'tis horrible. There is a defile near Nachod where they are piled one upon the other, all wounded in front. The cool disdain of death these young soldiers displayed in their first battle cannot be imagined. All fought heroically, but the Prussian cavalry has won its spurs today, and the 37th Regiment of infantry, called the Westphalian Fusiliers, distinguished itself among many others; it has terribly suffered. On the Austrian side a battalion of Tyrolean Chasseurs (the 6th) was more than decimated. These poor fellows fell as they stood, in entire ranks, struck like targets by the bullets of the terrible needle gun."

The Vienna Gazette contains a correspondence between General Baron John and General La Marmora, in which the former complains of three wounded Austrian soldiers having been hung by the Italians. Happily, he says, they were discovered in time to save their lives, but one of them has become mad. If this "barbarous" practice be permitted, he adds, the Austrian commander will, contrary to his desire, be compelled to use reprisals. In his reply, General La Marmora expresses his surprise at a fact which he would not have believed, if the report of it had not come from a general of the Imperial army. He promises that he will investigate into the matter, and make an example of the guilty parties if the fact should be as stated, but expects that the Austrian commander will, on his part, investigate into the correctness of the report.

The following official telegram has been received from the Prussian head-quarters:—"To day, July 2nd, the King of Prussia arrived at Gitschin, where he was received by Prince Frederick Charles. The streets everywhere showed the traces of the obstinate engagement which had been continued within the town. The enemy fled in disorder under cover of the night. The conduct of the Prussian troops was excellent. A portion of the corps of the guard repeatedly repulsed the charge of the Austrian cavalry without forming square. The head-quarters of Prince Frederick Charles have been removed beyond Gitschin. The junction of the 1st and 2nd army corps has been completely effected. Austrian prisoners are being continually brought in, and their number already exceeds five thousand. The Austrian-Hanover, Rammung, and Martine regiments were almost wholly annihilated, and the 18th Jager Battalion destroyed to the last man."

The Vienna Gazette says:—"Authentic intelligence received here from the head-quarters of the army of the north states that

Field-Marshal Benedek has found it necessary, from strategical reasons, to take up a position between Koniggratz and Josephstadt. No further attack has been made on this position, nor has there been any fresh fighting, a proof that the Prussian losses in the late battles must also have been considerable, and that their troops are much exhausted. This has been principally caused by the Austrian artillery. The first Austrian army corps and the Saxon army have joined the chief Austrian army, and are ready for action. The best possible spirit and the most undaunted courage prevails in the army. Important events are expected within the next few days."

Our illustrations of the war call for no special remarks, as allusions to the subjects have been made in the general war news. Victor Emmanuel, as is well known, is with his army. He is the subject of our first-page engraving. The other engravings are the embarkation of Austrian troops on Lake Garda; the conversion of a chapel into a hospital; the head-quarters of General Benedek; and the uniforms of some of Garibaldi's legion.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

GOODWOOD STAKES.—6 to 1 agst Mr. Day's The Special (t); 8 to 1 agst Lord Portsmouth's Midia colt (t); 12 to 1 agst Count Lagrange's La Fortune (t); 100 to 7 agst Mr. Nightingall's Survey (t); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Pardo's Othello (t); 100 to 4 agst Maquis of Hastings's Black Prince (t); 100 to 4 agst Lord Westmorland's Rama (t); 1,000 to 40 agst Mr. H. Chaplin's Miss Harriette (t).

THE DERBY, 1867.—1,500 to 60 agst Mr. Merry's Marksman (t).

### AQUATICS.

#### AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

As Mr. Lawes signified his intention of resigning the sculls, and there were but three challengers, it was arranged that they should all row together, the winner to be considered the champion. The three who had entered were—

Mr. E. B. Michell, Magdalen College, OXON.

Mr. W. B. Woodgate, Kingston Rowing Club.

Mr. J. G. Chambers, Leander Boat Club.

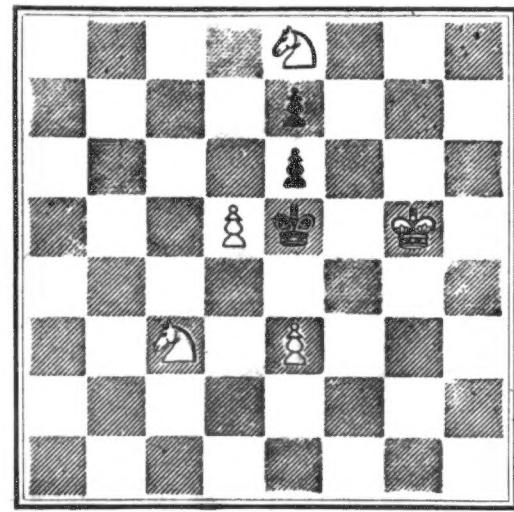
The start had been appointed to take place at five o'clock on Monday, and as that hour approached a steamboat with a large party of past and present University men arrived at Putney. There were several of the past champions on board, with them Messrs. E. D. Brickwood, hon. sec. to the committee, and C. B. Lawes, 3rd Trinity, Cambridge. Betting was about 6 to 5 and evens on Michell against Woodgate, Chambers not in the betting. Mr. Edward Searle, the eminent boat-builder, had been appointed starter, and was in a skiff off Putney Aqueduct to do his office, the course being thence to the Ship at Mortlake. Mr. C. B. Lawes took up his position as umpire, and they got to stations, Michell having the worst, Woodgate the centre, and Chambers the best on the Middlesex shore. At the word to go, Mr. Chambers was the smartest, and led to the top of Kelley's, where Woodgate, rowing fast and well, came on with the lead, Michell, by reason of the bad station, astern. Michell, as he started towards Middlesex, rapidly left Chambers, and at the Star and Garter, to the surprise of all, was a length astern of Woodgate. The latter, with long, yet rapid strokes, placed a gap of half a length between them ere they arrived at Simmonds's. From here to the London Boat house Chambers fell rapidly astern, at the latter place being two and a half lengths to the bad. Michell had come to within a quarter of a length of Woodgate, when the latter crossed his opponent, and gave him tremendous amount of wash, causing him to fall astern. Spur succeeded spur on the part of either till they arrived at the Dung-wharf, where Woodgate, steering beautifully, was half a clear length ahead. It would be needless to give a description of the race to the Soap Works, for they both rowed desperately hard, but Michell never drew an inch on his opponent until they made the Soap Works-bridge. Here Woodgate, who appeared to tire, got too close in shore, and having to pull his right hand scull hard to avoid fouling some barges lying off the wharf, gave Michell time to spur and overlap him. The Oxonian now went outside to avoid the back wash, and they rowed to Hammersmith-bridge, Woodgate passing under just clear, having spurred at the pier. They maintained these positions 100 yards above the bridge, and then Woodgate began to falter in his stroke. Michell, who certainly rowed wild and short at times, overlapped him in another dozen strokes, and in another dozen (opposite Biffen's) they were level. They remained so, and shortly after boring one another, rowed scull over scull in imminent danger of fouling. Woodgate, however, gave way, and Michell having the better water assumed a slight lead. They now steered badly, but Woodgate got unsteady and Michell led him half a length at the Old Ship at Chiswick. As they approached the bottom of the Eeyot, Woodgate put on a few of his long and powerful strokes, and they once more became level. Both steering badly fouled with the inside sculls, Michell being on the Middlesex side, but it was only slightly. They started again together, and for 100 yards, or to the middle of Chiswick Eeyot, they were scull and scull. Woodgate was now fairly beaten, and although he held his opponent for 100 yards, and came up in the smooth water, Michell got well away at the Bathing-place at Barnes, and increasing his lead at every stroke, won by 60 yards, in 27 min. 36 sec. Chambers not in sight. Mr. Lawes presented the prize at Barnes. John Phelps, the waterman, managed the minor details of placing the starting boats.

Poisoning by ARSENIC.—A rather singular case of poisoning has just occurred at Feversham. About noon on Friday week a respectable labourer's wife made, as she alleged, some magnesia, and, giving part of it to her two children, the woman took a dose herself. Shortly afterwards the children were taken ill, and, although medical assistance was obtained, both died that evening, and exhibited all the symptoms of poisoning by arsenic. During the evening the mother also fell ill, and died on Saturday morning. It is said that a previous tenant of the house left a partly-used packet of arsenic behind, and the supposition has been that the poor woman had taken the arsenic for magnesia. This is scarcely reconcilable with the statement made just before her death, that she had before drunk magnesia taken from the same packet. An inquest was opened on Saturday, and adjourned for a fortnight, and the stomach of the deceased was brought up to London to be analysed.

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pena, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 400,000 have already been sold. To be had at AGG & GERR, 26, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement.]

## Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 369.—By Mr. W. HINCHLIFFE.  
Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game played at Liverpool between Herr Poeschmann and Mr. C. H. Cox.—Evans' Gambit.

White.  
Herr Poeschmann.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. K B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. Castles
8. P takes P
9. P to Q 5
10. B to Q Kt 2 (b)
11. B to Q 3
12. Kt to Q 4
13. K Kt to Q Kt 5
14. B to Q B 2
15. Q to Q 2
16. K to R square
17. P to K B 4
18. K Kt to Q B 3
19. P to K B 5 (d)
20. Q to K square
21. Q B to Q B square
22. Q B to Q 2 (e)
23. P to K R 3
24. Q B to K B 4
25. P takes B
26. Q to Q 2
27. R to K B 3
28. Q takes Q
29. B to Q R 4
30. R to K B square
31. B to Q B 2

WHITE RESIGNS.

(a) This is now generally considered to be preferable to the old move of Q Kt to K 2.  
(b) He might also have played P to K 5.  
(c) Capturing the King's Pawn would have been dangerous.  
(d) Threatening to win the Queen's Bishop.  
(e) A good retort. Preventing the advance of the K R P, and, at the same time, menacing Q to K R 5.  
(f) All this is exceedingly well played by Black.  
(g) He might also, apparently, have won easily by 27. Q to R 8 (ch), or 28. Kt to B 7 (ch).

E. HUGHES.—It is very difficult to determine. White has the stronger position, but we doubt if he can do more than draw. Of course, if the K R be removed from his file, Black forces the exchange, and wins.

J. PEARSON.—Suppose Black play 2. B to Q B 5, White then mates in two moves. Possibly, you can remedy this defect.

J. W. F.—Your solutions of the problems referred to are correct, with the exception of No. 360. 2. Apply to Mr. Dixon, ivory turner, Gracechurch Street, London.

J. R.—Mr. Wormald's book upon the Openings of Chess is out of print. We are not aware whether a second edition will be issued. Your emendations are correct.

J. BARLIN.—You have not taken down the position correctly, as may be seen by the solution given in Number 322. Stalemate is a drawn game.

CATTLE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—On Saturday afternoon a heavy thunderstorm passed over Barnsley, in a northerly direction, doing considerable damage in some of the villages in the neighbourhood. At Cawthron the lightning was intensely vivid, and two cows in that place belonging to a farmer named Ricks, while grazing in a field, were struck by the electric fluid, and killed on the spot. In a field adjoining two milch cows belonging to Mr. Milnes, a saddler and farmer, met with a similar fate at the same moment.

ARMOUR-CLAD WARRIORS.—Prominent among the advertisements in the German papers just now are announcements calculated to assure timid warriors that by the outlay of a few thalers they can be supplied with armour which is warranted to be bullet, bayonet, and sabre proof. Intending purchasers are informed that by simply sending the measurement of the chest and the length of the body in a very short time a suit of chain-mail will be forwarded, which can be packed away in a very small space, can be put on in two minutes, can never be detected under the clothes, and will not hinder the movement of the body or arms in the least. Polished suits, for officers, can also be had at a very short notice.

## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
MANSION HOUSE.

**SINGULAR CHARGE OF EMBEZZLEMENT.**—George Loton, a middle-aged man, of respectable appearance, was charged before Mr. Alderman W. Lawrence, M.P. (who sat for the Lord Mayor) with embezzling divers sums of money under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Mr. Hopwood appeared for the prosecution, and stated that until Saturday last the prisoner had been in the service (as packer) of Mr. Julius Halle, a general merchant, carrying on his business at Nos. 53 and 54, Houndsditch; and, in addition to his duty of packing and delivering the cases of goods to the carmen of the different carriers, he was entrusted with money to give gratuities at the rate of 1d. per package to each carman at the end of the week for the cases they had severally taken away. This gratuity was given to the men as an incentive to them to be regular in their daily calls for the packages. These gratuities were distributed on the Saturday, and on the Monday following it was the duty of the prisoner to account for his disbursements in this respect to Miss Sarah Marten, who officiated as the keeper of the petty cash of the firm. It would seem that for some time past the prisoner had made false returns, and thereby obtained and secured to his own purposes small sums varying from 2s. to 2d., and thus had defrauded his employer. Mr. Hopwood added that he should establish by evidence sufficient grounds for asking for a remand, to enable him to establish four distinct cases against the prisoner. Mr. George Ditcham, the general manager of the prosecutor's establishment, Miss Marten, and two carmen in the employ of Messrs. Pickford, were examined, and proved clearly two distinct charges against the prisoner. Mr. Alderman Lawrence remanded the prisoner for a week, and refused to admit him to bail.

## BOW STREET.

**A NEW CASE UNDER THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM.**—Eliza Tant, ticket-of-leave woman, was brought before Mr. Vaughan, charged with a breach of the condition of her license. Police-constable F 71, stated that on the 31st of May the prisoner came to the station-house, in Bow-street, and reported herself as having been liberated from prison that day. She stated that she was going to live with her sister at No. 10, Chancery-lane. Subsequently it was ascertained that the house, No. 10, was empty, and had not been inhabited for three years. On Sunday last she came again, and applied for her conduct money, of which she had 27s. to receive. Acting upon instructions he had received, he then took her in custody for not reporting herself according to law, inasmuch as she had given a false address. She said she found her sister had left Chancery-lane, but must have moved after she (prisoner) was sent to prison, which was in 1861. She added that she was living at Bedford-street, Brighton, and was getting her living honestly, but her friends would have nothing to do with her, because she had turned Roman Catholic. She added that she was under the protection of Father Stiles, a Roman Catholic priest at Brighton. Upon this she was brought before the magistrate, by whose orders witness took her to a respectable lodging, where she remained till Monday. Further inquiries had been made, and it was found that these statements also were false. Mr. Vaughan asked if the printed form, setting forth the conditions to be observed by the license holders, was given to her on the first occasion. Sergeant Hill, 5 F, who was on duty as acting inspector at the station-house on the 31st, and to whom she reported herself, stated that there were no such forms for women, and they were not subject to the same restrictions as men. But they were bound to report themselves every time they changed their residence. He told her that at the time. On Saturday when she said her sister had removed from Chancery-lane, he asked her why upon discovering that fact and determining to go to Brighton she did not give notice of her new address to the police? The address she gave him was not Bedford-street, but Warwick-street. The prisoner repeated the statement she had made to the constable. She did not know the present address of her sister, whose name was Wilson. Then (correcting herself) she said it was Williams. Mr. Vaughan said she must surely know the name of her sister. Sergeant Hill said Williams was the name she had given him. Mr. Vaughan committed her to Millbank to undergo the remainder of her sentence, but told her if she could urge any mitigating circumstances to memorialise the Home Secretary.

## CLERKENWELL.

**THROWING VITRIOL ON AN ALLEGED SEDUCER.**—Margaret Murphy, aged 23, who described herself as a domestic servant, residing at 23, Eden's-buildings, Brentford, Middlesex, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt (on remand) with throwing a quantity of vitriol over the person of Maurice Murphy, a labourer, of 2, Suffolk-place, Bermondsey, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm. Mr. H. Allen, from the Associate Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, watched the case. Mr. James Miller said: I reside at 1, Great Percy-street, Clerkenwell, and am a doctor of medicine. On the 25th ult. the complainant was brought to my surgery suffering from wounds that had been caused by some corrosive acid. The whole side of his neck and face and one side of his nose were burnt. They were such wounds as might have been made by sulphuric acid, nitric acid, or muriatic acid. His clothes were burnt in several places from the effects of the same stuff. Johanna Driscoll, of 2, Suffolk-place, Snow's-fields, Bermondsey, said: I am married, and my husband's name is James. When I saw the complainant coming out of the House of Correction, where he had been confined for an assault on a police-constable, I reached towards him with my hand to shake hands with him. As I spoke he turned his head, and the prisoner, who had a cup in her hand, threw the contents over him. Some of it went over me and burnt my shawl and apron. He followed her and gave her into custody. She threw the cup away when she was outside the station. The prisoner: Speak the truth, for I am not ashamed to say I did it. I threw the cup down under the gate, and he did not give me into custody, as I gave myself up. The prisoner, who had a well-dressed and clean infant in her arms, said: On the day he left me he had come to see me on the Sunday night. He said, "We will soon marry. Being cousins we will go to America as soon as we can get money enough. We will, for it will not do for cousins to marry in this country." He asked me if I had no way of getting rid of the child, as it would make a gentleman of him, and a lady of myself. That was about the 1st of March last. He has been married about two months. I asked him how he could think I should do such a thing, as I would as soon make away with myself as the child. He answered me and said, "How did Fanny do it?" Fanny is the name of the wife he has got now. I

answered him back, "If Fanny did it she could not expect any luck for doing it." It was reported that she had done so, but I cannot say whether truly or not. He drew a knife out of his pocket, and kept edging or sharpening it on an iron trough. His colour changed, but he did not make any attempt with the knife. We parted on that night, and on the following Thursday he came and said that he had assaulted the police, that I was to do the best I could, and that in a month he should return. He told me that I should have a letter on the Sunday, but I did not get it till the Monday. The girl he is now living with wrote it, telling me in three places that he had gone to Ireland, and begged of me to write to him and he would let me know what to do. I having no money went into Stepney Union, and I gave a woman my supper for a whole week for three halfpence and went very hungry and wrote to him in Ireland but could get no answer. I also wrote to my sister in Ireland, but could not hear any tidings of him. I came out of the workhouse, but could not go after him because I was in the family way. Three weeks after the child was born I went to Bermondsey and saw him talking to his wife. He left her and came and spoke to me, and said "If I am married I am not married to her for ever. What shall I do?" I said, "You had better go away with your wife, or I shall do something you will not like." After that I said, "What shall I do with my child?" and he said, "I might eat it, or do as I pleased with it." After that he said, "If I had 2s. I would not go home." He then walked with me as far as Hammersmith, seeing me part of my way home to Brentford. He went home, and accounted for being out all night by saying that he had been to a wake. When I got home I dressed my baby and brought it to where he resided at Bermondsey. He was not in, and his wife told me to go away with my bastard in my arms, for I had enough to do now to carry that about. Mr. D'Eyncourt then asked the prosecutor if he was married about the same time as the prisoner was confined, and he answered in the affirmative. The prisoner continued: I stopped and saw the complainant come home, and then spoke to him about the child, and he with an oath said it did not belong to him. He got indoors and would not see me. I asked him to come out, but he would not at first; when he did come out he took hold of the child and endeavoured to throw both it and me down the stairs. After that he hit me two violent blows on the head. He was then sent away, and all his people came out and assaulted and abused me, and I could only compare them to a lot of dogs in a kennel (a laugh), calling my child a bastard and other bad names. I then took out a summons against him, and his address was found, and he was locked up and sent to prison for assaulting the police. His wife very much abused me, and I did make use of language that I should be ashamed to repeat before the gentlemen in this court; but my temper was up because they called my child a bastard. I told her she had worked hard to get him, but I was afraid he would turn out a rogue to her as he had done to me. I wanted to speak to him when he came out of prison, but he would not, and his friends would not let him. If they had allowed him to speak to me, or had he even looked kindly at me, I should not have thrown it over him. That is all I have to say. Mr. D'Eyncourt (to the prosecutor): When were you married? The prosecutor: About two months since. The prisoner: He married the cur—when he found that I would not go after him. Mr. D'Eyncourt then committed the prisoner to the Central Criminal Court for trial.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.**—William Fraser, alias Welsh, was charged before Mr. Knox as follows:—Police-constable King, 76 P, said he was on duty on Saturday, about eight o'clock, opposite the Marble-arch, as the volunteers were leaving the Park, when he saw the prisoner attempt to pick the pockets of several ladies. He took him into custody, and at the station-house on searching the prisoner's pockets he found a pocket-book, with the name of Harriet Rhind, 20, Ormond-street, in it. On going to Ormond-street he saw Mrs. Rhind, and she identified the pocket-book, but declined to prosecute, giving as a reason that she could not do anything to injure any one, as she had never heard of our Lord when on earth prosecuting any one who persecuted Him. Mr. Tywhitt, who heard the case in the first instance, issued a summons for the attendance of Mrs. Rhind. Mrs. Rhind now appeared in the witness-box, with a Bible in her hand, stating that she declined to prosecute, as the Scriptures ordered her to forgive those who trespassed against her. She did not see that she was bound to identify the pocket-book in public. Mr. Knox asked Mrs. Rhind whether she considered that to leave thieves and vagabonds to prey on the public was Scriptural. Mrs. Rhind was about to argue the matter, when Mr. Knox desired her to stand down. Police-constable Hallett, 201 G, said he had known the prisoner for twelve years. The prisoner had been repeatedly convicted; at one time he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, and at others for lesser terms of imprisonment. The prisoner admitted that he had been punished, but he had since worked for his living. Mr. Knox committed the prisoner for trial.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**A "RESPECTABLE MARRIED WOMAN" IN TROUBLE.**—Sarah Allison, a well-dressed woman of 25, was charged with stealing a silver watch and a purse and money to the value of £7 10s., the property of George Spiller, a furniture dealer at Hoxton. Mr. Warner Sleigh, the barrister, appeared for the defence. The prosecutor, who said he had been drinking a little, met the prisoner in Moorgate-street between ten and eleven at night, and, after some conversation, accompanied her into a public-house, where he had some mixed spirits. Soon after he had drunk it he felt himself become insensible, and on a constable coming up and speaking to him he found that all his property, which had been safe just before, was gone. Lawson, 170 G, deposed to the prisoner being pointed out to him, and on his stopping and telling her what she was charged with, she said, "Me, sir? I know nothing about it. I am a respectable married woman." He opened her hand, and took from it a small canvass bag, which she said was her own, but on showing it to the prosecutor he said it was his, and that there was £3 10s. in gold in it. That amount was in the bag. She then said she had picked it up. In the other hand were found £2 and 2s. more, and she was then locked up in the station. Gordon, 33 C, said the prisoner was connected with several notorious swell mobsmen, and was the wife, he believed, of a man named Johnson, who was now undergoing a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment for being concerned in a jewel robbery, while she, in November last, had been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for being in St. James's-street for the purpose of committing felony. Mr. W. Sleigh said his client had been led into the temptation through drinking in the public-house; the prosecutor, as it happened, had not lost any of his property, the prisoner was in delicate health, and had a child two years and a half old, which was then in court, entirely dependent upon her, all which, he hoped,

would induce the magistrate to deal leniently with her. The prisoner, then, by Mr. Sleigh's advice, pleaded "Guilty." Mr. Ellison said that if a man went drinking in a public-house with a person like the prisoner, as this prosecutor acknowledged he did, he could not but expect he would suffer for it, and sentenced the prisoner to three calendar months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

## THAMES.

**JACK ROBINSON IN TROUBLE.**—A well-known thief, who called himself Jack Robinson, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with burglary. Martin Full, a police-constable, No. 232 K, stated that at half-past two o'clock that morning he saw a woman at the window of the house, No. 8, Union-terrace, Commercial-road. She called for assistance, and said there was a thief in the house. She told him to go round to the back of the houses in Dorset-street. He did so, and got on the top of a wall of the yard next to No. 8, Union-terrace. The prisoner at the same time climbed on to the top of the wall and jumped into the street. He jumped off the wall and pursued the prisoner. Eliza Bromage, a single woman, of 3, Union-terrace, said she was awake by the breakage of a pane of glass. She went down stairs, and found that a pane of glass had been forced out, and that a piece of rag was plastered over it with gum to deaden the noise. The pane of glass disturbed was near the catch of the window. Directly afterwards she heard a door tried. She looked out and saw the prisoner standing on the cistern. She went to the drawing-room window and called the police. She afterwards went to the back of the house, and saw the prisoner in the yard and climb the wall. John Phillips and George Robjent, police constables, said they gave chase to the prisoner, and after a long run he was captured on the wooden bridge at Shadwell. The prisoner, in defence, said: I am not guilty of breaking the window. I never attempted to break into the house. Mr. Paget: Is the prisoner known? Police-sergeant Briden, No. 4 K, said the prisoner was known to many of the police who were not present, and that if he was remanded he would be recognised, and former convictions proved. Mr. Pyer, the chief clerk, said that could be done at the trial. There was no occasion for a remand. The case of attempted burglary was clearly made out. Mr. Paget said the police could prosecute their inquiries until the trial, and then furnish the judge with all necessary information. He saw no occasion for a remand when the case was complete. He committed the prisoner for trial.

## SOUTHWARK.

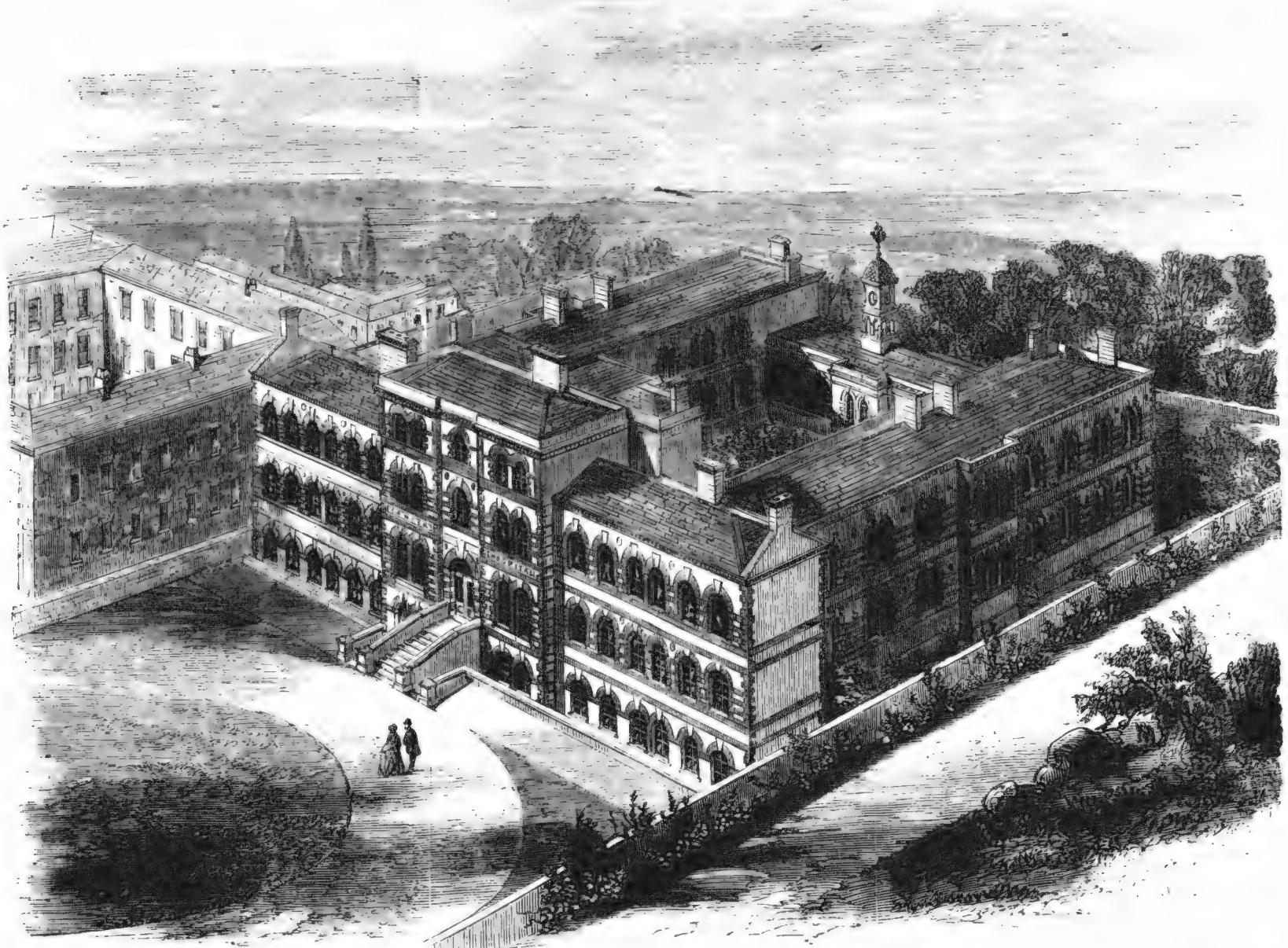
**DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.**—George Temple, a well-dressed young man, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych charged with interfering with the comfort of the passengers on the North Kent Railway also with assaulting Mr. W. H. Williamson, and committing damage to the amount of 15s. Mr. Williamson said that on the previous night he was a passenger in a second-class carriage from Woolwich. There were in the carriage at the time the prisoner and his companion, both drunk, witness, two friends, and two ladies. Soon after the train started the prisoner acted like a madman, shouting, and making use of extraordinary language, and he became so violent that the ladies became frightened, and left the carriage at New-cross, where two old gentlemen exchanged seats with them. The prisoner then became more violent than ever, and because witness remonstrated with him he struck him several blows in the face. They then had a struggle, during which the prisoner spoilt his hat, and he lost his necktie and came pin. Another gentleman in the carriage assisted in holding him until the train arrived at London-bridge, when he was given into custody. In answer to Mr. Woolrych, witness said that prisoner insisted on taking one side of the carriage by lying at full-length, and when he was remonstrated with he said he was a Scotchman, and could fight any six Englishmen. He was very much under the influence of liquor. Mr. Wm. Heath said he was in the same carriage, and at first he suspected the prisoner was an escaped lunatic, but afterwards he saw that he was in liquor. As soon as he attacked last witness he assisted to prevent him from committing any serious injury. The prisoner in his violence tore witness's waistcoat and spoiled his hat. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said that the witnesses commenced chaffing as soon as the train left Woolwich, and he chaffed them in return. Being exasperated they quarrelled with him, and he was struck by one of them, and the result was a little bit of a fight. He admitted being a little worse for liquor, but one was as bad as the other. Mr. Woolrych told him that his conduct had been disgraceful, actually compelling two females to leave the carriage, and then because he was remonstrated with by the two gentlemen he attacked them in a ruffianly manner. He fined him 40s. under the Railways Act, 1s. for the assault, and 15s. damage, or one month's imprisonment.

## GREENWICH.

**RUFFIANLY ASSAULTS.**—John Elliot, of 2, Ashburnham-road, Greenwich, blacksmith, was charged with the following disgraceful assaults:—Mrs. Ann Smith, of 25, Newport-market, Leicester-square, said that at five minutes after eleven on Sunday night she was starting by train for Charing-cross; when outside the Greenwich terminus, talking to her father and mother, and bidding them good-bye, the prisoner came up and indecently assaulted her. Her father remonstrated with him and was very violently assaulted. John Andrews said he accompanied his wife and the last witness and another daughter to the railway station. Having corroborated the above evidence, he said that on remonstrating with the prisoner the latter struck him a violent blow on the eye, knocking him down and cutting the back of his head. On getting up, the prisoner again assaulted him by striking him in the mouth, loosening three of his teeth. The prisoner then endeavoured to run away, but a man more powerful than himself prevented him, and he was given into custody. Mary Ann Andrews said that, seeing her father assaulted, she interfered, when the prisoner threatened to strike her, and then struck her on the eye. Police-constable Herbert, 112 R, said he came up after the assaults had been committed, and seeing the witness, John Andrews, bleeding from the mouth, he took the prisoner into custody. The prisoner had been drinking, but was not drunk. Mr. Brookes, who appeared for the defence, said the prisoner had been drinking in a public-house adjoining the railway terminus, and while there had been interfered with by two women and assaulted by a man. The women went away, and the prisoner then ran out of the public-house excited, and the assaults were committed under that excitement and the influence of drink. The prisoner had been twenty years in the employ of one firm, and there were persons present who would speak to his general good conduct. He had to ask that a fine might be imposed. Mr. Traill said he could not think of imposing a fine. The prisoner had grossly misconducted himself in the first instance, and his conduct afterwards had been most violent. He was then sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour.



THE ENTRANCE GATE OF ASTON HALL. (See page 62.)



TOWN SKETCHES.—THE CANCER HOSPITAL, BROMPTON. (See page 62.)

## THE GARIBALDIAN ARMY.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Brescia, June 28th, says:—

"This is a Garibaldian town—that is, it is garrisoned by volunteers. On my return to Bologna from Ferrara, I found the station much crowded. In a few minutes the reason of this unusual scene was explained, for a train of enormous length entered the station, crammed with volunteers in their red shirts. They were received with tremendous cheers, which they responded to as lustily. Then ensued an affecting scene. Numbers of this regiment had gone from Bologna, and their friends searched eagerly from carriage to carriage inquiring for them. The train was only to stop ten minutes, and the men were not supposed to alight; but no orders could keep them in, and a scene of wild embracing, hand-shaking, and kissing ensued; eager inquiries after relatives in other regiments, good wishes, and farewells. Then the bell rang and the train went on, the men waiting till the last moment, and then jumping up as it was in motion; and as it moved out of the station it presented an extraordinary appearance—men in scarlet shirts leaning out of every window, men standing on the step-board the whole length as closely as they could, some even on the roofs, all waving their hands and cheering. I heard afterwards that some of them rode the whole way upon the steps, and three or four in the various



UNIFORMS OF GARIBALDI'S LEGION.

trains were killed from leaning too far out, and striking their heads against posts and projecting abutments of bridges. The arrangements for feeding these poor fellows were, as are all arrangements connected with the volunteers, shamefully bad. Some of them were nearly three days on the journey from Bari round by Milan to this place, and during the whole of that time the only food they had was bread and cheese and a little wine, which were served out only two or three times during the journey. No wonder that the volunteers are indignant, poor fellows, at the scandalous neglect and bad treatment they receive, but it only makes them still more desirous of getting at the enemy.

"There is a troop of mountain artillery attached to Garibaldi's command, but the guns are so clumsy, and the carriages so primitive, that I can hardly think they will prove of much assistance. The Bersaglieri are all fully dressed in their neat blue costume, and present, as far as appearances go, a favourable contrast to the other Garibaldian regiments, whose red shirts, from their sleeping on the wet ground in them, are beginning to lose their original brilliancy of colour. The Guides are a great addition to Garibaldi's army, and are extremely useful as videttes; their grey blue uniform with black cord braiding, with their very pretty shaped scarlet caps and high boots, give them a very soldier-like appearance. They are splendidly mounted.

## Literature.

## THE GHOST.

## A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

"THAT was a severe blow we gave you at Chancellorsville," said the Virginia officer—"the hardest of the war, by long odds, as I look at it. Bull Run was nothing; that was merely the scamper of an undisciplined and over-confident mob, and I am inclined to believe that that repulse was more advantageous to you than to us. As for the terrible seven days' fighting before Richmond, I could never see anything in that to boast about, for we were awfully cut up, and it is no wonder we were going to the charge like a pack of mad wolves. In that wonderful retreat to Malvern Hill, when we threw ourselves desperately and vainly against your firm battalions, surging up upon them, and shattered back at every shock, fighting more like demons than men, only to have the mortification of seeing that unbroken army, time after time, falling back as it chose, and taking up new and better positions—there we suffered more than I dare tell, more than I know, indeed, though we did continue what we called the pursuit, until your immense thirteen-inch shells came dropping and bursting among us. No: we have good cause to be proud of our valour there; but the victory, such as it was, was bought dearly enough.

"The second Bull Run battle was a good thing. We had it pretty much our own way there. To be sure we did not gain anything like as much as we would have gained if our plans had been more perfect; but in the hurry of the pursuit, and the sudden coming together of the different corps, there was not much time or opportunity for better arrangements. Still, it was a very good thing, as far as it went.

"Fredericksburgh was a heavy blow, but that was more like a butchery than a battle. There was blood enough spilt to satisfy the most sanguinary, and the repulse might well be regarded as a final one, so far as those works and that the army were concerned; but it determined nothing more. It did not imply the failure of a campaign. I suppose few among you had expected the assault to succeed, and, consequently, the disappointment could not have been great. Your army was ready for work again, and although foiled, was by no means defeated.

"But Chancellorsville—there was something that was well worth the fatigues of a hard campaign, and the hazards of a terrible battle. You turned our position well, and forced us to come out and fight you in the open field, or, rather, behind your own breastworks. You came on us in such overwhelming numbers, that it seemed you would have crushed us if you could have brought all your cumbersome army into action. And then you were so confident of success; you thought of nothing but the destruction of Lee's army, and a clear road to Richmond. Stonewall Jackson's attack surprised you in more senses than one. He discovered your weak point, and threw himself upon it like an avalanche, and when he had once broken your line, he gave you no rest. Your officers and men must have been astonished to see how easily they were beaten and forced back across the river. It is true the

victory was purchased at a terrible price—the life of Jackson. Our army has never been what it was since his death. But you were fearfully beaten. Just when success seemed within your grasp, and the only question was about cutting off our retreat, then you were broken and scattered, and were glad enough to get over the river alive. Your splendid army had reason to feel dispirited then, and your fine campaign was as good as ended. Yes, Chancellorsville was the most valuable battle that we won. It can never be half-way appreciated but by those who were on the field after the fight was over, and who saw the material results of the victory. The scene on the field that night was the most solemn and awful I have ever beheld. It was there I saw a ghost."

"A ghost, captain?"

"Yes, a ghost. Is there anything astonishing in that? What more likely place for a ghost than a battle-field? It is not the first that was ever seen, I suppose."

"By no means, if all accounts are to be believed. But I would like to hear about your ghost."

"Then draw up your chair, and I will tell you all about it."

"We were terribly tired that night—at least, my men were; for we had been in the front with Jackson all the time. We knew that he always called us one of his best regiments, and we endeavoured to deserve his praise, for we had formed part of his old brigade. We had utterly wearied ourselves out, having used our legs and our weapons incessantly, storming in and around the Wilderness like wild cats. We had fought as hard as it is possible for men to fight, and you can form some idea of what we suffered, when I tell you that out of sixty men of my company, not twenty came out alive and unwounded.

"At nightfall we sank down nearly in the place where we had stopped fighting, sank down on the bare ground, without any kind of cover. But that was nothing strange, for we had often done so before, and just then we were only too glad to get some rest, without grumbling about our accommodations. We lay down just in the edge of the wood, beyond which your men had cut down the trees for a considerable distance, and formed them into a sort of breastwork and abatis, leaving a large cleared space. This opening was literally crowded with the dead, and there were some wounded among them, too, but we were too tired to look after them, and hoped that those would take care of them who were better able to do so. As a general thing, our men lay on the outside of the breastwork, and the Federals on the inside; but they were considerably scattered among each other, for we had been once repulsed before we got over the logs, and the enemy came out on us as we fell back.

"I was all alone there with the remnant of my company, as we had been detached from the regiment toward the close of the fight, and we lay there huddled together, without the least regard to rank or discipline, as we were too weary to think of anything but sleep. Hardly, it seemed, did the men touch the ground, when they were asleep. For my part I was more wakeful than the rest. I had been so excited and carried away by the rush and heat of the battle, that when the reaction came I was as nervous as an old man trying to eat gruel out of a shallow dish with a thin spoon. My head swam, and regiments and brigades went trooping through it like mad, while my ears were ringing and singing all the while with the devilish roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry.

"When I dropped off into a doze at last, there was no slumber about it, no rest—my brain was more active than ever, and kept going like an alarm-clock. My dreams—if a succession of shadowy fancies can be called so—although constantly changing, like the colours in a kaleidoscope, seemed as constantly to recur to one thing, and that was the subject I had had last in my mind when I lay down. I had lost, during the day, one of my pistols, a splendid silver-mounted revolver, which had been given to me by a lady in Richmond who—but never mind. I prided that pistol very highly, and would rather have lost my sword. I knew that I had fired off all the loads, and supposed that in the excitement of the moment, when I tried to put it back in my belt, it must have fallen to the ground unnoticed. I could remember, I thought, where I had fired the last shot, and determined to look for it in the morning, and to make every endeavour to find it.

"My dreams, which had been veering about the pistol for some time, like the wind when it is not certain which way to blow, at last showed me the pistol, plainly and distinctly; but it was by no means where I had expected to find it. I saw it, as clearly as I now see my hand, lying between a log and a dead Federal, just inside of the rough breastwork near which we lay. The soldier's arm had fallen across the barrel, but the silver mountings shone bright in the surrounding darkness. I awoke with a start; the scene before me was just as it had been pictured in my sleep, and the dream had made such a strong impression on me that I resolved to go directly to the spot, and see for myself whether the pistol was really there.

"Accordingly, I rose, took my sword in my hand, and set out towards the cleared space which was so thickly strewed with the bodies of the dead. The night was cloudy, but not very dark, and the air was filled with a fine haze, which made the rough ground, and the fallen trees, and the distorted forms of the dead look almost beautiful. I marked the spot which had been represented in my dream, and moved towards it, but had hardly taken a dozen steps when I saw something which, I must confess, made me tremble for a moment. Out there, among the tree-stumps, and among the fallen men, was a tall figure, clothed in white, standing still, and apparently wringing its hands. It seemed to have the form of a man, but whether it had a human face I could not tell, as its back was towards me, and it was entirely enveloped by the white drapery. My morbidly-excited condition, and my extraordinary dream, had aroused all my love and dread of the supernatural, and this apparition accorded well with my frame of mind at that moment.

"I stepped back, and aroused two of my men, whom I took aside, and when they were fairly awake, I pointed out the object to them. They were as brave men as ever lived, but when they caught sight of this white spectre, dimly seen in the distance and through the haze, they started back as if they had been struck. In the meantime, the figure had remained there, standing and wringing its hands; but while we gazed it started forward and moved slowly and carefully about among the corpses, occasionally bending down as if to look in their faces. My comrades were partially reassured when I spoke to them, and told them that I wished them to accompany me, and find out what sort of a prowling thing it was.

"'I'll take my musket,' said Jim Allen, 'but it's no use, for that's a spook, as sure as I live.'

"I tried to laugh at him, but could not."

"Be it man, or ghost, or devil," said I, "I will find out what it is, or you may write me down a coward."

"As we moved out toward the cleared space, everything seemed intensely quiet; a hush, like that of death, overspread the scene; and that solitary white figure, among so many who were cold in death, made the scene more weird and wonderful. In the distance we could hear strange and indistinct sounds, but they only served to make the silence around us more complete."

"As we neared the white figure, it commenced moving towards us, but apparently without perceiving us, and twice I noticed it stoop down and bend over bodies."

"Come on, boys," I exclaimed; "I see what it is. It is some infernal thief of a camp-follower, who is going round robbing the bodies of the dead, and who has taken that disguise to frighten us out of interfering with his detestable trade. Let us hurry and catch him in the act."

We then stepped forward quickly; but, as we did so, the noise must have attracted the attention of the object, for it suddenly turned, lifted up its head, and showed us a countenance which I can never forget, the sight of which struck both of my companions with such terror that they dropped upon the ground, and covered their faces with their hands. For my part, I was not much better off; my head was dizzy, and I felt as if I should faint. It was enough to frighten a brave man, for the object had a face so pale and corpse-like, almost as white as the sheet around it, with long, fair hair, and wild, staring eyes, which seemed to settle upon nothing, but to look only into vacancy. Great streaks of blood were on its face, seeming to come from a fresh wound, and something like a bandage hung over its brow.

"Fortunately, I had some whisky in my canteen. I took a strong pull at it, and it revived me. I then gave some to my comrades, but was obliged to double the dose before I could persuade them to look up. When they did so, the figure had turned away, and was again picking its path among the dead, without taking any more notice of us. I perceived that it was making its way directly toward the spot where my pistol had been shown to me in my dream, and that circumstance made the apparition seem still more supernatural. Nevertheless, I conquered my timidity, or whatever it was, and told my comrades to follow me."

"We will soon see what this mystery is," said I, not very confidently, I must confess.

"Let's go back, captain," said Jim Allen, "and leave the ghost alone. It's got its own reasons for being around to-night. It don't want to be disturbed, and we will only come to harm by meddling with it."

"But I would take no denial, as I was now determined, and as my men had always followed me without question, their pride and their confidence in me would not suffer them to back out. So we stepped on, slowly and carefully, but with a fair degree of firmness. The figure moved on until it came close to the breastwork, when it knelt down and bent over a body. As I approached, I saw it take from the body, apparently from a breast pocket, something that glittered like gold."

"I told you so, boys," I exclaimed again; "it is only some cursed thief, who thinks he can scare us. Come on, and take him!"

We all rushed together, but as we did so the figure started to its feet, suddenly drew a pistol, and fired upon us twice. Both shots took effect—one of the men falling, severely wounded, and the other being slightly touched. Without stopping my speed, feeling myself unharmed, I rushed upon the object with my sword; but, as I did so, it threw up its hands, uttered a loud and unearthly shriek, and fell back on the ground.

I stepped forward, and tore off the sheet from the fallen form, while I sent the man who had been slightly wounded to get help for his comrade. I saw before me a young man, a mere boy, in the Federal uniform, lying there dead, with his eyes rolled up until hardly anything but the whites of them were visible. There was a wound in his shoulder, and a very bad wound on his head, just over the forehead. The bandage had slipped from this wound, which had caused the blood on his face. In one hand was firmly clenched the glittering thing which I had seen him take from the body, which proved to be a miniature, in a locket, of the man from whom it had been taken.

The next day we learned that he was a prisoner, who had been delirious since his capture, from the wound in his head. He had somehow escaped from the care of the surgeon, had torn off his bandages, taken a sheet, and gone prowling around the island where we found him. The young man from whom he had taken the locket looked enough like him, allowing for the difference in their ages, to be his brother, and I supposed he was; at all events, we buried them carefully in the same grave, although we could not mark it, as there was nothing about them from which we could learn their names.

"The strangest thing about the affair is, that I found my pistol between the log and the dead man, with his arm lying over the barrel, just as I had seen it in my dream."

#### COUNTRY SKETCHES.—ENTRANCE TO ASTON HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

ASTON HALL was erected by Sir Thomas Holt in 1618, who, twenty-four years later, entertained in his splendid mansion Charles I, previous to the battle of Edge Hill. It passed through various hands into the possession of James Watt the younger. It is one of the most perfect specimens of the mixed style of architecture of Elizabeth and James, and the ravages of time have been nearly all repaired.

Such a mansion—exclusive of the lodges and park wall, of more than three miles in circuit—could not probably now be built at a less expense than 50,000/ to 100,000/. It contains upwards of sixty rooms, and has an entrance hall of large and beautiful proportions (41 feet by 24, and 20 feet high), a dining-room, now converted into a library (38 feet by 22, and 17 feet high), and a picture gallery, of almost unparalleled beauty (136 feet long by 18 feet wide, and 16 feet high), finely panelled with oak, and lighted by seven large mulioned windows.

It is memorable for having sustained a kind of siege and plunder from a party of Cromwell's troops during the civil wars, the effects of whose cannon-balls, and the balls themselves, are still to be seen; it has a magnificent terrace in front (556 feet long and 41 feet wide), which, being upon an eminence, overlooks the wood. The other features of the park are upon a corresponding scale—fine old avenues and other old ornamental timber, three large pools (one of eight, one of five, and one of about two acres), which have been deepened and ornamented at considerable expense.

This magnificent old hall, with forty-three acres of land, was purchased by the people of Birmingham, and was duly opened to the public by her Majesty in 1858.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE REDUCTION IN DUTY, HORNIMAN'S TEAS ARE NOW SUPPLIED BY THE AGENTS EIGHTPENCE PER LB. CHEAPER. EVERY GENUINE PACKET IS SIGNED "HORNIMAN AND CO."—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

#### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

[From *Le Follet*.]

We are happy to announce a decided reactionary movement towards simplicity of attire. There can be no question that luxury in dress has of late years been indulged in to an alarming excess. It is therefore gratifying to observe that the leaders of fashion now show a decided inclination to allow the judiciously elegant to replace the merely expensive; we no longer see toilettes covered and sparkling with gold and silver, these theatrical ornaments having given place to ribbons, flowers, laces, &c. Summer is undoubtedly a time of rest for the purse and of work for the fancy. Expensive fabrics and trimming are not required; a few simple materials, elegantly made, so as to admit the possessor to appear often in what the Parisians call une toilette fraîche, being all that is necessary, except for very dressy occasions, such as fêtes or marriages.

The materials most in vogue at the present moment are *linos*, *moirah*, *alpaca*, and a great variety of fancy materials, such as *Sultane*, which is a mixture of silk and wool.

Foulards are of course immensely in request. There is perhaps no fabric so much worn. It is made in endless varieties of quality and style, so as to suit the taste and means of every one. *Moire* antiques, *poult de soie*, *thick taffetas*, and such heavy materials, only suitable for colder weather, all have to give place to the foulard.

*Gaze de Chambery*, *mousseline de soie*, and other very thin and expensive materials, are reserved for in-door or evening wear.

White toilettes are made in all fabrics, and have one great advantage: by changing the colour of the ornaments, or the style of their disposition, one can always give them a new appearance with very little expense or trouble.

The skirts of all dresses—let the materials be what they may—are cut on the bias. In case of their being muslin, or equally thin fabrics, the back breadth is not gored. The slope of the side breadth is, of course, put to the back, as it would be under any circumstances.

In-door dresses and toilettes de visite have very long trains, and are sloped round the bottom of the skirt, and excessively plain at the hips.

Bodies also are not very short-waisted as they were a little time since; in fact the efforts made by a misguided few to introduce an eccentric style of dress have failed, and the short waists and the long trailing dresses clinging round the feet are confined to those who do not hesitate to make any sacrifice of taste and appearance in order to attract attention or look different from others.

A few weeks ago, ladies who could afford to wear nine or ten flounced muslin petticoats, discontinued their crinolines; of course, this made but very slight difference in the circumference either at the bottom or top of the skirt, as all these petticoats were so gored as to be quite plain on the hips. The weather is now so warm that so great a weight of skirts would be unbearable; therefore, at the present moment, under thin dresses, one thick petticoat and two thin ones are worn over a small crinoline, under thick skirts two petticoats, the one next the cage being always white.

There are two forms of crinoline worn—one round and rather short for out-of-door dresses when looped up; the other larger, and with a train, for in-door dress or when the skirt is allowed to rest on the ground.

The petticoats now are so much shown that they are generally more ornamented than the dresses. For morning toilettes, they are generally made either of the same materials as the dress and paletot, or of *cachemire* the colour of the ornaments of the dress.

Black silk mantles are not much worn; they are intended more for spring or autumn wear.

There is not much alteration in the form of bonnets; the "Galette," "Lamballe," and "Fanchonette" being most in favour. The latter is a very small "Fanchon," merely reaching to the chignon, not covering it, and slightly bent in front.

The "Lamballe" is perfectly round, but slightly bent down at each side to the shape of the head, and generally has a "Marie Stuart" front.

The "Galette" is also perfectly round, but quite flat, not in any way taking the form of the head.

There is a very slight difference in the form of hats; they are worn in almost all shapes and styles. Flowers seem to be preferred to feathers for trimming them, especially if they are intended for sea-side wear. For morning hats, flowers would, of course, be too dressy. On these are worn small wings or straight feathers.

White bodies are, of course, more in request than ever, and are made in a variety of materials—cambric, foulard, alpaca, *Llama*, and unbleached linen. For evening wear, thinner materials, such as Indian muslin, plain or embroidered. When made in these thin fabrics, they are generally arranged with *Cluny* or *Valenciennes* insertion over coloured ribbon or velvet.

#### TOWN SKETCHES.—CANCER HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.

THE utility of an hospital for the exclusive treatment of so terrible a disease as cancer is unfortunately too obvious to require a line of illustration. The necessity existing for such an institution was long since recognised by Dr. Marsden, the benevolent, skilful, and zealous founder of the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's-inn-road; and to him, we believe, is mainly due the origination of the institution whose foundation stone was laid in 1859. The building is situated in the Fulham-road, Brompton, nearly opposite the Hospital for Consumption, in support of which the benevolence of Jenny Lind shone so conspicuously some years since; and it is gratifying to be able to add that the present institution owes much of its success to female aid, the principal contributor to the foundation being Miss Burdett Coutts, who performed the inaugural ceremony of laying the first stone of the building. The charity was commenced in a small house in Cannon-row, Westminster, in the year 1851, and very soon attracted the attention of benevolent persons, who saw the benefits which might accrue to all classes of society by the establishment of a special institution for the reception and treatment of the poor suffering from so dire a disease as cancer, and where this intractable scourge of our race might be studied in all its phases, so that our medical men should be afforded every opportunity of battling with, and, if possible, of overcoming this worst of all bodily evils. In this twofold capacity, as an asylum for the poor afflicted with cancer, and as a school for the study and improved treatment of the disease, this institution has done much service to the community.

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#### GREAT REFORM DEMONSTRATION.

AN immense outdoor meeting, under the auspices of the National Reform League, was held on Monday night in Trafalgar-square. The statements in the morning papers that the police intended to suppress the meeting, and the circulation during the day of placards calling upon the men of London to attend, in order to "uphold Gladstone and liberty, and vindicate the right of public meeting," probably tendered to increase the attendance. Although the meeting was fixed for eight o'clock, there were over thousand persons in and about the square at seven, and by half-past the number had doubled. Many expressed their surprise at the absence of the large bodies of police they had expected to see, the only representatives of Scotland-yard being the two men who usually occupy the "beat." The open spaces in the square were rapidly occupied, and by a quarter to eight there were not fewer than 20,000 persons within the radius of which the Nelson monument is the centre. The steps of St. Martin's church, the porch of the National Gallery, and the windows of the hotels to the right, and houses to the left, were filled with spectators of a miscellaneous character, while immediately surrounding the monument some thousands of respectably dressed artisans were massed. Before, during, and after the proceedings these men, without exception, conducted themselves with as much decorum and intelligence as the frequenters of any public meeting that takes place. The largeness of the congregation hastened the commencement of the business, and as soon as Mr. E. Beales, the President of the League, and his supporters, arrived, the speaking began without let or hindrance. Shortly after a procession, headed by a brass band, arrived from Hoxton, and a little later another procession from Clerkenwell. The latter carried crimson silk banners, with reform mottoes inscribed upon them. Other flags, borne apparently by independent parties, were displayed during the evening, bearing such inscriptions as "Vox populi vox Dei," or "No Toryism;" or "Gladstone and the people." It was necessary to hold three separate meetings, one under the Nelson monument, and two at corners of the square. Looking from the base of the monument white faces could be seen upturned in every direction, and the dimensions of the gathering, reaching at its height perhaps more than 30,000, together with the subdued and earnest behaviour of the *bous file* meeting, created impressions that must have been striking, if not affecting, to all who witnessed the assembly.

MR. BEALES told the working men he was glad they, who were said by their enemies to have placed London in a state of siege, had by this meeting put it out of the power of any one to say for the future that the artisans did not care for reform. He explained that he had resolved to attend the meeting, because he had been given to understand that the police had determined to stop them, but he had that afternoon received the following letter from Sir R. Mayne, the commissioner of police:

"The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis has to acquaint the president or chairman of the public meeting announced to be held this evening in Trafalgar-square that the police have instructions not to prevent, or in any way interfere with, the holding of the meeting in a peaceable and quiet manner. But should bodies of persons proceed together through the streets in such a manner that their number, noise, demeanour, or language will be calculated to cause a breach of the peace, or excite terror and alarm in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, it will become the duty of the police to prevent, and, if necessary, put a stop to such proceedings, and apprehend any persons encouraging or assisting at them."

The mention of the commissioner of police was received with hisses, the announcement of his determination with loud cheers, and the reference to "terror and alarm" with such prolonged laughter, that Mr. Beales could not at once proceed. Having read the letter, he reminded the meeting that the working men of England were on their trial; that they had been grossly and persistently insulted; and that their duty was, while answering their calumniators by magnanimity and forbearance, resolutely to insist upon their share in the franchise. The next speaker was Mr. Lucraft, who implored his fellow working men to carry on their agitation with a temperate firmness that must in the end ensure success. Mr. Osborne, Mr. McGilchrist, Mr. J. B. Langley, Mr. Mantel, and Mr. Bradlaugh, were the succeeding speakers. Their laudation of Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Bright was loudly cheered; the mention of Mr. Lowe and Lord Elcho provoked hisses and groans. Two resolutions were passed unanimously and with much applause. The first declared that the present franchise was a mockery of the principles of the constitution, and that the "factious and class opposition offered by Tories and sham Liberals to the late moderate Reform Bill, together with the injurious and insulting language used towards the working classes," rendered household and lodger, or full manhood suffrage imperative. The second resolution thanked and eulogised Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, regretted their retirement from the Ministry, and hoped for their speedy return to office. A vote of thanks having been passed to the president, two or three speakers urged all persons present to go quietly home, without making any further demonstration.

The majority took the advice that had been tendered, and left the square, dispersing in different directions. About a thousand, however, went in a body to Carlton-house-terrace, and halted before Mr. Gladstone's house, shouting his name and cheering, but the utter absence of light in the windows had the effect of damping the enthusiasm. A general movement was then made to Pall-mall, and a halt was called at the Reform Club. Loud cheers were given, and two or three members appearing at the window waving their pocket-handkerchiefs the applause was intensified, while a crowd of spectators, exceeding those actually engaged in the demonstration, gathered on the opposite pavement. A few steps brought the crowd to the Carlton Club, and hisses and groans were given with energy. A score of young members, chiefly in evening dress, flocked out to the steps, and appeared to be "chaffing" those nearest the door. This caused considerable excitement. Several lads leaped to the top of the short walls and shouted into the windows, the doorway was literally besieged, and what with the crowd and the accumulation of cabs and carriages the streets were soon impassable. The uproar continued for over half an hour, but not a policeman was to be seen. Three or four Guards with fixed bayonets, marching along to relieve their brethren, were at first hooted, the supposition being that they were come to clear the streets, but the mistake was soon discovered and laughed at. A section of the crowd proceeded to Lord Elcho's, but they were prevented from entering the street by a strong force of police. Thus balked, they returned to the Carlton, delivered a few parting groans, cheered Mr. Gladstone as they passed his house, and then, somewhere about eleven o'clock, left the neighbourhood in peace.

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